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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. NOT even Christmas, except by some accidental conjunction with Sunday, makes quite such a gap in English political events as the interval which extends from Maundy Thursday to Tuesday in Easter week, and there is nothing to chronicle during that period in home politics. Mr. GLADSTONE's constituents, however, during this interval presented him with an address, in which they delicately hint that they see uncommonly little of him; but whether Mr. GLADSTONE's answer means or does not mean that they shall have that beatific vision is a point on which DAVUS gives no opinion, while one OEDIPUS differs remarkably with another. Another distinguished publicist besides Mr. GLADSTONE—Mr. OSCAR BROWNING—it would appear from recent documents, is rejoiced to find from the recently-published, though long-printed, PIT RUTLAND correspondence that PIT in 1784–5 aimed at an arrangement by which two Legislatures should respectively direct the local affairs of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE, as all know, has but recently had time to consider the frivolous study of history. Mr. OSCAR BROWNING has, we believe, some pretensions to be considered a specialist in the history of the Revolutionary period. Yet it would seem that Mr. BROWNING is as much *oposimathes* as the other Arcadian, if he now learns for the first time that the two Legislatures actually existed in 1784–5, and that PIT, like all statesmen, as contradistinguished from all quacks, naturally wished to make the best of the existing. The Irish Legislature proved itself impossible, and PIT did away with it. That, though Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. OSCAR BROWNING may not know it, is precisely the reason why Unionists, who do know it, are Unionists.

Speeches and Meetings. On Tuesday things began to wake up, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in his wild career from one hospitable country house to another, felt it necessary to make two railway platforms hideous with stale politics. At Weybridge he implored Separatists (not exactly for the first time) to "remember that they are the true Unionists." So have we heard that burglars are the true householders, and that this fact explains their otherwise inexplicable eagerness to get into houses. At Tring Mr. GLADSTONE deplored the Toriness of Hertfordshire, and pointed out that everything, even tolerable, that the Government has done was due to the kind interference of his party, and everything bad to the Government itself. Mr. ABRAHAM should have been on the platform, singing "Land of my Fathers"; but he was far away, though doing useful work in the same line. On the same day Mr. LABOUCHERE spoke in the West, without the fear of Mr. COURTNEY, who is thereabouts, before his eyes. But, if we were the great democracy of England (which, thank Heaven! we are not), we should not be obliged to Mr. LABOUCHERE for thinking that what we wanted was mere vulgar and random abuse.

On Wednesday there was a great deal of speaking, Mr. SMITH vindicating the Government in his solid way at Henley; Mr. COURTNEY exhibiting at Liskeard the curious mixture of shrewd sense with remnants of old doctrinaire Liberal prejudice which distinguishes him; Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE observing at Chester that, "if his constituents desired it," he should be ready to vote for the direct veto on drink—or, no doubt, for anything else; and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Bristol expressing (in regard primarily to railway rates) the true but melancholy doctrine that "justice to both parties means satisfaction to neither." Mr. STANHOPE and Mr. BRODRICK also spoke on the general political situation, Baron DE WORMS on sugar, and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on half-holidays—a terrible total of talk, which was hardly

lessened on Thursday. On that day Mr. LABOUCHERE continued to be polite to ladies—Primrose ladies, wicked ladies—at Torquay; Baron DE WORMS spoke also, for the second time; the SOLICITOR-GENERAL made a speech at Bath, and Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, though he did not speak, wrote a letter on the Tithe Bill—for Sir WILLIAM, both by descent and temperament, is ecclesiastically given. But the principal discourse was one by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham. In this he enraged Separatists by telling truths about their Great Twin Brethren, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, of whom it may certainly be said that "by many names men call them." It is curious, by the way, to observe the treatment which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL receive from their respective parties. Both are accused (with what justice in each case does not matter) of having deserted those parties. Yet we only laugh pleasantly at Lord RANDOLPH, while the boor air is rent by Separatist shrieks and screams at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Carnarvon boroughs form such a scattered constituency, and some of them are so hardly accessible, that the result of the election on Thursday was long in being known. The result, a Gladstonian victory by twenty, is annoying, but not surprising. The Tory party and their Liberal allies have latterly made a very good fight, but the majority at the last election was but a small thing to set against the disadvantage of the bad start made after Mr. SWETENHAM's death, and of the mass of provincial and sectarian prejudice always at the disposal of unscrupulous politicians in Wales.

Foreign Affairs. Abroad, Easter created a gap which was filled up at the beginning chiefly by rumours about explosives found at Gatschina, about a "surrender" to Servia on the part of Bulgaria (a surrender which was merely a prudent avoidance of quarrel on a point of no importance), and about such matters (the surest of all indications of a dead season) as the desire of Russia to get the Turkish war indemnity paid, and the desire of the SULTAN to get England out of Egypt. Some interest was also taken in the opening of the Upper Yangtze to English commerce, and a vigorous correspondence was opened on the subject of EMIN Pasha's engagement with the Germans by Sir SAMUEL BAKER and Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON. A great deal has been heard on this subject since. According to some accounts, EMIN's now notorious irresolution has declared itself here also, and he is "loth to depart"; while in Germany itself disclaimers of any intention to proceed to the Equatorial lakes have been issued, and it has been protested that nothing is meant but the exploitation of the already recognized "German sphere." Nevertheless, the British East African Company had better be up and doing; and there is force in Mr. STANLEY's reported objurgation of the mingled generosity and supineness which allows its concession to be a happy hunting-ground for rich sportsmen not only of English birth. It has been announced, later, that EMIN is to relieve PETERS, who went to relieve EMIN, the Germans thus engaging in a game of catch-who-catch-can, at which it is to be feared that some gunpowder will run out at the heels of their boots.—The German EMPEROR proceeds merrily in the task of making a new heaven and a new earth by rescripts. The liberty of duelling in the German army has been considerably restricted; and still more important alterations have been made, not only in the half-written, half-unwritten, rule limiting service as officers to "born" persons, but also in the status of officers generally. The required private means in addition to pay are lessened, and unkind language is used in regard to regimental entertainments, and the like. It is reported, and can well be believed, that these

Ordinances have created much ill-feeling, and have even led to the resignation of several distinguished officers.—We have ourselves been sufficiently cursed with strikes of late to feel the interest of UCALEGON's neighbour in the disturbances at Vienna last Tuesday, which came nominally at least from the discontent of the unemployed. It is only under monarchical, aristocratic, or mixed governments that such things are possible or tolerated. Democracy, to do it justice (and it is about the only merit that it has), is much quicker and more ruthless at dealing with persons who make themselves a public nuisance, as the very recent history both of France and of America shows.

The Crewe Murderers. It was announced towards the beginning of our week that Mr. MATTHEWS had adopted, in the matter of the Crewe murderers, the course foreshadowed here as probable, by reprieving the younger and letting the law take its course with the elder. Thereupon one of the jury hastened, as usual, to express his displeasure with Mr. MATTHEWS. It is high time that jurymen learnt that these performances are not only grossly indecent, but also exquisitely silly. A jurymen, when he has once given his verdict and been discharged, has absolutely nothing more to do with the case in which he has been concerned except to hold his tongue about it. If, instead of well and truly trying that case, he chose to base his verdict on the anticipation that this or that would be done by somebody else, that is his own affair, and he had much better keep his breach of duty to himself. RICHARD DAVIES was actually hanged on Tuesday morning last. It would, perhaps, have been better if his brother, who deserves no pity, and is quite old enough to be responsible, had accompanied him; but the formal recommendation of a jury (as we point out more fully elsewhere) deserves some attention. As it is never safe or right to relax benevolent efforts, it may be repeated to chattering about Mrs. MAYBRICK that Mrs. MAYBRICK escaped the gallows because it was not certain that she committed murder, and that RICHARD DAVIES was hanged because it was certain that he did commit it, or join in its commission.

The Volunteers. At Brighton, Eastbourne, Portsmouth, Dover, and other places the Volunteers were very busy during the holidays, and some fair work seems to have been done, though there is still a good deal to be altered before this work can be of a thoroughly satisfactory character.

The Spital Sermon. The "Spital Sermon," an historical institution of some mark in English history and letters, is said to have been, owing to one of the senseless changes which this intelligent age takes for improvements, delivered for the last time on Tuesday. If it be so, it could hardly have been delivered more worthily or by a worthier person than by the Bishop of OXFORD. Dr. STUBBS has few, if any, rivals as an example of what the old educational and social system of England could do as opening a career to talent, or as a model at once of learning, of the intellectual keenness which is not always combined with learning, and of the sound political views which usually, though not quite always, attend the combination of the two.

Moral Training. On Wednesday Dr. ABBOTT delivered an address of some length to the National Conference of Teachers on the eternal subject of education, especially moral training. Dr. ABBOTT, we are glad to see, upheld corporal punishment. With regard to the rest of his talk about moral training and the like a hardened heretic here and there may perhaps say, Why can't you try letting it alone? With proper home influences, a healthy general tone in school (which is best maintained by corporal punishment for small offences and prompt weeding out for great ones), and a judicious use of "chapel," the average boy may be much more safely left to fight his own dragons and shape his own character than he may be fingered and cosseted and fiddled with by moral training and moral suasion.

Miscellaneous. One of the most beautiful, and till recently least spoilt, of English watering-places, Lynton, has been vulgarized this week by the opening of a hydraulic railway or lift scooped out between the plateau and the coast. Not to be young is not very heaven; but it is at any rate something to have seen Scarborough, Hastings, and Lynton as they were before the accused engineer was let loose on them.—We have sometimes been reproached with indocility towards progress, and

with an unwillingness to recognize it. Let us put this blame away from us by cheerfully acknowledging that progress has been actually made. We really do not think that the accumulated imbecility of the ages has ever got quite so far as the point reached in a correspondence published in the *Times* during this week, wherein divers amiable persons have competed in endeavouring to burden the English language with barbarisms, each more grotesque than the other, to express the motion of an electric launch.—On Thursday a bad collision took place, at a not unusual place for such things, off Dungeness. The *Avoa*, a passenger steamer well known in the Channel for many years as plying between London and Dublin, was sunk; but no lives were lost.

Obituary. In the earlier part of the week the deaths were reported of Sir ALEXANDER WOOD, Vice-Chairman of the Great Western Railway, who died suddenly at the New Milford Hotel on Sunday night; of Mr. J. S. MORGAN, a very well known Anglo-American banker, especially concerned with railroad matters in North and South America, who was mortally injured last week in a carriage accident at Monte Carlo; and of Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, who was for many years the proprietor of the most widely circulated and perhaps the least objectionable of the cheap weekly newspapers, and who had recently achieved the most difficult of all enterprises in journalism—the successful launching of a new morning paper in London. Later there were added to the list Miss MARY BOYLE, a lady of some literary power herself, and constantly associated in friendship with the greatest English men of letters of the last half-century; General Sir WILLIAM JONES, a soldier who had served with especial distinction in the Sikh War, though by some strange muddle military honours were first granted and then refused at his funeral; and (abroad) Signor AURELIO SAFFI, an Italian Republican whose character was better than his head, and who was the last of those about MAZZINI.

OUR QUAKERS.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, in a letter intended to help the *St. James's Gazette* in its very commendable efforts to get rid of the bad naval guns by industriously pegging at them, has found a curious comparison for these remarkable weapons. It seems to him that, "until the 110-ton guns are discarded, they will simply be carried about like false teeth, that would fail in the moment of hard necessity." Without professing to speak by actual experience, we are inclined to think that a well-constructed set of false teeth could bite to some purpose. But Sir SAMUEL BAKER was dominated by his metaphor. He goes on to add that these false teeth only bite the British taxpayer, and for the sake of that epigram he made his not very appropriate comparison. We could find him a more appropriate epithet than false teeth for the 110 and 67 tonners. There was an article called a Quaker by our fathers. It was made of wood, and in the shape of a gun or carronade. Merchant ships carried them to make out a broadside with the help of a few real pieces. They could not be fired, but they looked more or less as if they could, and a cautious privateer or timid pirate might be induced by the sight of them to keep his distance. The 110- and 67-ton guns are not made of wood, and it cannot be said that they are incapable of being fired when proper precautions are taken and due intervals allowed. Moreover, if a target is in the way, a bullet or shell fired out of them will go through it. In so far they differ from the old school of Quakers. But put where they are, and considering the work they have to do, they are emphatically Quakers of a new kind. It has even been suggested by persons not destitute of natural sagacity that it would be a great saving of time and money, and would enable us to get our new ships much sooner into commission, if we fell back on the good old-fashioned wooden fellows at once.

All the evil which it is possible to say of these guns has been said, and has been allowed to be true by the Admiralty. It is therefore not necessary to repeat what has been said over and over again here, and been well demonstrated in the *St. James's Gazette*—what, in fact, nobody any longer seriously denies. But there is one point on which it is not only excusable but commendable to keep pegging away. It is scandalous that these guns should be retained in the ships which already carry them, and incomparably more scandalous that they should be put into ships not yet pro-

vided with them. The decision to make guns of this size ought not to be imputed to the Admiralty as a very serious sin. There was a clamour for them in the country, and at least no instant and emphatic protest against them in the service. Italy had got them, France was getting them, and so it seemed a good thing for us to get them, and the Admiralty really ought not to be too severely damned for not being very much wiser than the rest of us. At least the damning, to be done with a good grace, should be done by a third party. But, although the Admiralty may very fairly be excused as to the past, we do not think it equally entitled to excuse for the course which it persists in taking in the future. But granted that it was not possible to tell the guns would be bad till they were tried—we know now that they are not to be trusted. It is preposterous; it would be ludicrous, if it were not disgraceful, that we should not only retain those we have, but actually finish others we have begun, and put them into ships, although their weakness is now proved to demonstration. Yet we know quite well why this is to be done. It is to be done because it would be inconvenient to the Cabinet to call upon Parliament for money to make good the mistakes committed in the past, and because a degree of inconvenient irritation would be aroused if it were formally confessed that a large part of our costly naval armaments is crippled. In fact, the safety of the country is postponed, as it always has been, to Parliamentary considerations. As long as that is the case—and here is another nail at which we propose to keep hammering away—it is idle to talk of change of system, as if it will do any good. No "system" could have prevented the mistake made about the guns, and no organization of the departments could have prevented a Minister from sticking to them if he thought that giving them up would lead to Parliamentary unpleasantness, and he had been trained as all our politicians have been to take it for granted that it is better to risk HER MAJESTY's ships than to give an opening to HER MAJESTY's Opposition.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

(A PERSON of Quality who, owing to circumstances over which he had, but no longer has, control, has much time at his disposal, is open to contribute slashing letters on G-v-rnm-nl to periodicals. Examples, taken from one week only, follow.)

MONDAY.

To the Editor of *The Eternities*.

Sir,

The statement of the F-RST L-RD of the ADM-R-LTY contains propositions which I feel it my duty to expose. When I was a member of the Government no guns behaved like sticks of sealing-wax, no engines broke down, no trials failed to be carried out in practice. Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

TUESDAY.

To the Editor of *The Daily Telephone*.

Sir,

The Budget just brought in by Mr. G-sch-N exhibits a surplus so monstrous, that all Englishmen will be indebted to me for exposing it. When I was Ch-nc-l-r of the Exch-q-r no such surplus was shown. Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

WEDNESDAY.

To the Editor of *The Evening Pillar*.

Sir,

I have observed that the Duke of C-MBR-DGE talks of retiring. The present muddle in the army will only be made worse by a Government in which Mr. ST-NH-PE directs the affairs of that important, but sadly expensive, institution. When I was a Minister things were very different.

Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

THURSDAY.

To the Editor of the *Ensign*.

Sir,

After perusing Mr. CH-PL-N's Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill, I am struck by the inferiority of its provisions to those which were contained in a Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill which want of time prevented me from producing when I was in the Government. Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

FRIDAY.

To the Editor of the *Bungay Beacon*.

Sir,

The provinces even more than the metropolis are interested in the bungling and disgraceful measure which, under the name of a Tithes Bill, has been brought in by Sir M-CH-L H-CKS-B-CH. When I was in the Government no such thing would have been permitted. Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

SATURDAY.

To the Editors of any and every newspaper in the Universe.

Gentlemen,

A sense of duty forces me to address to each of you any number of columns that you can insert on the measure introduced by my former friend Mr. B-LF-R under the delusive title of an Irish Land Bill. When I was in the Government I should have taken good care that Mr. B-LF-R did not get the credit for this or anything else. Having thus put before you arguments to which I feel sure that no real or satisfactory answer can be given, I will now proceed (*length as required*).

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

N.B. *Universal Political Provider. Forms kept ready for gentlemen of the press who wish to express grace after dinner. Portraits of L-rd R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll always on hand for Liberal Clubs which have not had the offer of rejected examples from their Conservative neighbours. Refreshment Department (Several specialities. Stabs-in-the-back à la J-nn-ns. Eloquence faux-Gl-dst-ne. Discours farcis à l'Origine, &c., on the shortest notice). Boîte à surprise always charged. No alcoholic liquors. No principles. Tips from N-wm-rket. Anatomical Museum. Model of the late Mr. P-g-tt at an early stage of his career, &c. &c.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. PITT.

M R. GLADSTONE is to be congratulated. He has written about Mr. Pitt without calling him a blackguard. It is true that he denies that he ever so designated him, and in a certain sense his denial is justifiable. It is not Mr. GLADSTONE's habit to make direct charges. He prefers the method of insinuation and suggestion. He did not use the substantive "blackguard" of Mr. Pitt; he only used the adjective "blackguardly" with respect to his conduct. Any one who does not perceive the virtue of the last syllable is greatly in arrear of Mr. GLADSTONE's methods, and entirely unacquainted with his instruments of controversy. We do not pretend to be unconditional admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, especially of the Mr. GLADSTONE of the past five years. But it is impossible not to be astonished at his inexhaustible energy. The Old Parliamentary Hand

is vital to its every finger-tip. He is in one respect like the Serpent of old Nile. Those who admire activity for its own sake, who are indifferent to the motive by which it is inspired, and the end to which it is directed, are naturally impressed by Mr. GLADSTONE's mobility. Whether a future generation, unstirred by the passionate devotion or the fixed aversion which he excites among his contemporaries, will consider that he has exhibited to the world in his latest years the spectacle of a dignified and self-possessed old age, is a question which we may leave to a future generation. The power, while itself unmoved, to move others has been thought hitherto to be the crown of long experience, and best to express the temper of a mind standing on the verge of this world and pledged within an easily measurable distance of time to the inevitable transition.

This view may be a mistaken or a partial one. We by no means press it. There is certainly something very striking in Mr. GLADSTONE's inexhaustible curiosity, not only in the greater problems of the universe, in the higher themes of literature, of research, and speculation, but in the most trivial incidents of social life—in the last farce; in the last novel, with or without a purpose—and in his readiness to say to all the world, in print or public speech, what men of a different temper would think it more becoming to reserve for the easy converse of friendship or the family circle. This habit of mind is not for some persons without its charm. To live while he lives, and to think nothing human foreign to him, to have no reserves from anybody, to make the platform and the railway-station and the post-card his confessional, and the many-headed beast his confidant, may be the truest wisdom of old age. The doubt whether a man who pays himself out in this way to the public can keep anything of himself for himself, whether he does not necessarily live in a vain show and false appearance, is a misgiving which may be due to an incapacity to appreciate the resources of an exceptional character and intelligence. Of any other man than Mr. GLADSTONE we should be disposed to say that the impromptu fashion in which he delivers himself of first impressions is absolutely incompatible with the formation of deeply-seated convictions upon any one of the score of subjects on which in half as many weeks he improvises what passes for his opinion.

An illustration of this habit of mind has been given lately in the promptitude with which Mr. GLADSTONE has fallen on the recently-republished Correspondence of the Duke of RUTLAND with Mr. Pitt. Mr. GLADSTONE is impressed with the marvellous circumstance that as late as 1784 Mr. Pitt was not prepared to undo the settlement of 1782. Mr. GLADSTONE conveys this fact by the statement that "the Mr. Pitt of 1784 was an undeniably Home Ruler." GRATTAN'S Parliament had been two years in existence, and Mr. Pitt was not prepared to upset it, but was willing to let the experiment be fairly tried. The mental operations of politicians at the close of the eighteenth century were slower than those of politicians towards the close of the nineteenth. It did not take Mr. GLADSTONE two years to discover that the Parliamentary settlement of 1885, of which he was the author, was faulty in its most essential provisions. Mr. Pitt's convictions advanced step by step, according to the method of reasoned conviction, and not by the leaps and bounds of impulse. Mr. GLADSTONE does not see that Pitt's willingness, in 1784, fairly to try the experiment of 1782 gives weight to his conclusion fifteen years later that that experiment had decisively failed. Mr. GLADSTONE sees in the amendments which Pitt, in 1784, thought desirable in the relations of England and Ireland a foreshadowing of some of the principal provisions of the Bill of 1886—a resemblance which may throw some light on the origin of that masterpiece of constructive statesmanship, but which does not of itself involve any acknowledgment of its wisdom. The presumption is rather against the fitness in 1886 of what might be reasonable in 1784.

Mr. GLADSTONE is anxious to show that the Irish Parliament was not responsible for the rejection of Pitt's wise and liberal commercial propositions, which, if they had been adopted, would have established Free-trade between the two countries. The character of the Irish Parliament of that day is a fair subject of historic discussion. But no argument can be framed from the conduct of a purely Protestant and oligarchical assembly a hundred years ago as to the probable conduct of such a legislative body as Mr. GLADSTONE would establish now. The eulogy comes oddly from a statesman whose first intention was to give to the separate Legis-

lature which he was bent on establishing power to originate commercial propositions precisely the reverse of those of Pitt, and to establish, in deference to Irish opinion, a system of protective duties directed against England. The fact that on the question of Home Rule and the Union Mr. Pitt at twenty-five, and with two years' experience, was not wiser than Mr. GLADSTONE is at eighty, and after more than half a century's experience of public affairs, may throw some light on the quality which passes for statesmanship, but rather at Mr. GLADSTONE's expense than at Mr. Pitt's.

Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it necessary in the Regency business to vindicate the conduct of the Irish Parliament in its recognition of the PRINCE OF WALES as Regent by intrinsic right and with plenary royal powers during the insanity of the KING. Whether it, or the English Parliament, in refusing such recognition, and in regarding the choice of the Regent and the extent of his powers as absolutely within the determination of the two Houses, was right is little to the purpose. The notable fact is that the independence of the Irish Parliament thus exercised would have involved a separate Executive, and would have placed the two countries in no closer relation to each other than that in which England and Hanover stood. Mr. GLADSTONE holds that the attempt to provide for the Regency by what he calls a spurious Act of Parliament was "a fiction which may be well called a falsehood, for it made the KING the enacting power when he was incapable of any rational function whatsoever." If Mr. GLADSTONE's objection were sound, nothing could have been done. To the validity of the proceedings of Parliament it was necessary that the cause of their summons should be declared in a speech from the throne, which the KING was incapable of making or authorizing. Mr. CORNWALL, the Speaker, had died during the recess. A new Speaker could not be elected without the authority of the KING, nor assume office without his approval; and until that election and approval the House of Commons could not legally be constituted. Parliamentary and constitutional practice were of necessity set aside, as they had been a century before when the flight of JAMES II. was interpreted as leaving the throne vacant, and the two Houses of Parliament assumed the functions of the Crown as well as their own. Mr. Fox was probably thinking very little of the Constitution in his assertion of the PRINCE OF WALES's hereditary right to the Regency, without limitation of powers, and very much of his own position as the future Regent's probable First Minister. Mr. Pitt may have been thinking, in some degree, of the undesirability of endowing a temporary depository of the Royal power with prerogatives which would enable him to create a state of things embarrassing to the monarch on his re-assumption of his Royal functions, and not less embarrassing to the KING's restored Minister. In the necessary suspense of the Constitution, constitutional methods were impossible, and the question was of the balance of inconveniences and inconsistencies.

THE FISH SUPPLY OF LONDON.

IT is a good old rule, founded on much experience, that those who are to eat the dinner had better not go into the kitchen. They will do no good, and it is extremely probable that they will not improve their appetites. For those who like to eat fish we should adapt the rule in this way—they had better not read Mr. J. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON's supplementary Report to the County Council on the fish supply of London. It is really very disgusting reading. No blame attaches for this, as far as we can see, to Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON. He had to report on the way in which fish is brought to the capital; and, if he found that it was treated in a disgusting way, he had only to tell the truth. No doubt he has told it as he saw it. None the less, his report is to be avoided by such as eat fish. We do not remember ever to have come across the words "putrefying" and "putrefactive" so frequently in the same amount of print before. When we have said that we have perhaps said enough. If Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON is not wrong, the fish are handled with a total disregard of cleanliness from the moment they are caught. He details with scientific copiousness and accuracy the various ways in which they are crushed and mauled, put into foul boxes, and steeped in nastiness. It is horrible to learn what, indeed, we are afraid is the truth, that the use of ice is by no means a protection to the health of the consumer. The worst of it is, that we are not

told how all this is to be avoided. Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON speaks, indeed, of the fishponds of the Egyptians and Romans, and of similar things at St. Petersburg. But we do not see how they could be used here. Where could ponds be made large enough to hold fish for London and the inland parts of the country? Besides, the fish must be brought to them and from them. It is all very well to say that it is better to keep fish cool and dry than to put them in ice. No doubt it is; but, then, if that is to be done, each fish must be landed by a separate smack, which would be a rather costly method of fishing. As it is, they must be taken in large quantities, which means, again, that they must be put all together into the hold of the smack, and kept there till they can be landed. That being so, the use of ice is inevitable. Again, Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON describes with accuracy the rough way in which fish are turned out on the wharves of fishing towns, and packed into cases for transport, and the great amount of banging and shoving those cases receive. But how are masses of goods to be handled rapidly with delicacy?

A large part of the Report is devoted to showing that we waste a great proportion of our catch of fish. Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON makes out a strong-looking case, but we confess that we listen to demonstrations of this kind with a good deal of scepticism. When one is told that "2,156,000l. a year is wasted in the United Kingdom by 'omitting to work up the waste products of fish after the 'American methods,'" one wonders what all the men of business who like to make profits are about. Their intelligence is not infallible. It is even an arguable proposition that no great amount of intelligence is required to make a man of business. Still the body, take it altogether, is not foolish, or wanting in enterprise. If it does not do the things recommended by Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, it is probably because it finds they would not pay. Besides, manure is made from fish refuse in this country—as any man who passes certain parts of the Essex coast when the wind is northerly will be informed by his nose. Probably the business, like others, is as full as it will hold. It is hardly accurate to say that we waste things of which we could not make a paying use. Again, Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON mentions many industries which deal with the skins and bones of fish in various parts of the world and thinks they might be imitated here. The question is would they pay? A somewhat similar question may be put when Mr. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON complains that we do not make *botargo* out of the roe of the mullet as the Italians do, or caviare out of the roes of other fish than the sturgeon. Would Englishmen at large eat *botargo* or caviare? As for caviare, there are few nastier things unless it is made from the roe of the sturgeon and very well made too; and then, indeed, there is no better thing. On the whole, we are afraid that there is not much hope of an improvement in the fish supply of London. Attempts have been made to break up the old system, but it always gets the best in the long run. We are inclined to think that its success must really be due to the "nature of things" after all.

THE CREWE MURDER.

THE various sentimental persons, from editors who ought to know better down to the gentleman signing himself A. T. JACKSON, who have been havering this week about the execution of one of the Crewe murderers and the respite of the other, illustrate in a melancholy manner the want of sound and stable moral principle which is still a fashionable complaint. These sapient beings had chosen to make up their minds that neither of the convicts would be hanged, and to say so, and in their annoyance at finding that they were partly wrong, they load the HOME SECRETARY with childish and unreasonable abuse for having allowed them to be partly right. Of course if Mr. MATTHEWS had deliberately, or in effect, said to himself, "I will act according to reason and justice *quoad* RICHARD, and I will comply with a popular though sickly sentimentality *quoad* GEORGE," he would have shown himself utterly unworthy to hold any responsible office. But there is no good reason to suspect him of having done anything of the kind. He had to deal with two brothers, one of eighteen and a half (before the execution he was always described as nineteen, but the screaming brotherhood have taken a year off his age since Mr. MATTHEWS's decision was known, and therefore it may not be unre-

sonable to split the difference) and the other of sixteen, jointly convicted of the murder of their father, and recommended to mercy by the jury on the ground of their youth. It has been universally admitted—even by the culprits themselves—that the verdict was just. Only the most abject sort of men pretend that the alleged misbehaviour of the murdered father had or could have anything whatever to do with the question of reprieve. In the case of the elder brother the recommendation was preposterous on the face of it. In the case of the younger it was sufficient to make it right for Mr. MATTHEWS to inquire into the matter. Only the haste bred of wounded vanity can suggest that the difference of age between eighteen and a half and sixteen may not be very serious. It is the difference between an undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge and a boy in the lower fifth. It is abundantly clear that the younger boy may have been so much under the domination and influence of the elder as to make it possible to extend to him mercy to which the elder had no claim. We are bound to assume in Mr. MATTHEWS's favour—and this is a department of his duties in which he has already proved himself to be neither a fool nor a coward—that he had satisfied himself that it probably was so. The fact that GEORGE may have been indulgently treated cannot have been any injury to RICHARD. (There is a parable about labourers hired for a penny each, which some people do not appear to have heard of.) Therefore, why in the name of common sense in this constitutional country, where every one is so full of mercy, forgiveness, and loving-kindness for erring brothers, should Mr. MATTHEWS not advise the reprieve of the younger murderer without being reviled as little short of an assassin himself? After all, a recommendation by the jury is a recommendation by the jury; and it is rather hard to reproach a Home Secretary for having done all he reasonably could to give effect to that part of it which was not manifestly unreasonable.

The excitement of the early part of the week has not been without its use in calling attention to a proposition the truth of which has often been demonstrated before, but which is not the less important on that account. This is that, although if you take twelve respectable householders out of a street, lock them up in a box, call evidence before them, and set them to try a plain Yes-or-No issue of hard fact, their decision will be as good a one as you are likely to get by any other means, and better than you would get by most others, yet if one of them discusses it afterwards—especially if he rushes into print—he is likely to make such an absurd exhibition of himself as may tempt people who know nothing about it to form an undeservedly low estimate of the value of the whole institution. It is not often—perhaps not oftener than twice a week on the average—that anything more preposterously foolish appears in print than divers letters signed "A. T. JACKSON," and purporting to have been written by one of the jury by which the Crewe murderers were convicted. It is, perhaps, sufficient, as an example of how silly an excitable person can be when writing for the press, to record Mr. JACKSON's surmise that the two young wretches who murdered their father might, perhaps, if they had been reprieved, have "become useful members of society." It goes without saying that Mr. JACKSON thinks it was wrong to hang RICHARD and not GEORGE, because, in his opinion, GEORGE was as wicked as RICHARD. Of course he was; but that has nothing to do with the question. The only reason for reprieving GEORGE was that he was not so old as RICHARD, and that reason was expressly suggested by the recommendation to mercy, in which Mr. JACKSON asserts that he himself concurred. All persons who serve on juries will do well to remember that, as soon as their verdict is delivered, they have ceased to be jurymen in that particular case; they have no interest in it, and are no more entitled to be heard on the subject than any other spectator of the trial; and it is as nearly as possible certain that, if they wish to avoid making rather conspicuous fools of themselves, the best thing they can do is the ordinary and constitutional thing—namely, to hold their tongues. In taking leave of the whole matter, it is desirable to endorse, as emphatically as may be, the protest which has already been most properly made against the unmanly, unconstitutional, and indecent practice of addressing letters and telegrams directly to the QUEEN, when comparatively legitimate efforts to prevent the execution of convicted criminals seem likely to fail. Supposing such communications actually to reach HER MAJESTY, she cannot constitu-

tionally deal with them otherwise than by referring them to the Secretary of State, who is responsible to Parliament for the advice he gives. All that they can do, therefore, towards attaining the desired end is to suggest a personal responsibility which does not really exist, and so to give pain and anxiety to an August Lady, whom every one of her subjects ought to be anxious to save from both. They can do one other thing, and one only, and that is to advertise the offenders. And self-advertisement has really been at the bottom of the whole disturbance about these two extremely unattractive murderers.

A FAIR CONSIDERATION.

THAT Mr. GLADSTONE should have already sounded his first note of hostility to the Irish Land Purchase Bill is much less remarkable than that the trumpet of war should have given forth so feeble and quavering a blast. Never before surely has bugler attempted in so modest and constrained a fashion to set the wild echoes flying as did Mr. GLADSTONE the other day in "the railed-off space" at Tring station. No doubt the fact that he has taken this early opportunity of dragging the subject in question into a railway speech argues a certain eagerness to signify his obedience to the orders of his Irish masters; but that only makes the hesitating nature of his utterances the more noticeable by contrast. Indeed, it has been already conveyed to him in the Parnellite press that he had almost better have kept silence a little longer than have broken it with nothing more decisive to say than he has just said. Nobody, one of these prints has been telling him, was likely to be deceived by his Parliamentary promise to give the Land Purchase Bill a fair consideration. Everybody, friend or foe, understood that pledge to have been given in the purest hypocrisy of political convention, and Mr. GLADSTONE, therefore, need not, it is suggested, have been in such a hurry to avow his insincerity, but might and should have waited until he was prepared to prove it by an unqualified attack upon the Bill. All that he has actually done, however, has been to express a mild regret that the measure is not such as the Opposition can accept in principle and endeavour to improve in detail; while even this miserably tame declaration of hostility is based, not upon Mr. GLADSTONE's own views of the Bill, but simply on the proposal that "the Irish representatives protest against the whole proceeding." What is this but to throw upon them the entire responsibility of opposing a Bill which will strike twenty per cent. off the rental of every Irish tenant who can agree with his landlord for the purchase of his holding? And does Mr. GLADSTONE call that backing of his Parnellite friends? They expected something more than that from him as soon as he opened the campaign. They expected at least his moral support for their invidious policy of keeping the Irish peasantry in subjection to the agitator, and looked to him to share their risks of the odium of wresting the boon of independence from the peasant's hand. But to fulfil this expectation he should have made a very different speech from that which he delivered at Tring. Instead of weakly declaring himself against the Land Purchase Bill, on the mere ground that the Parnellites would not have it, he ought to have declared roundly that he would not have it himself. He ought to have denounced it as grindingly oppressive to the tenant, or monstrously indulgent to the landlord, or recklessly dangerous to the interests of the English taxpayer, or shamefully regardless of those of the Irish cesspayer, or several, or all, of these things at once.

Nor can there be any doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE will have to attack the Bill in this more vigorous fashion before much progress has been made with it in Parliament. He will be made to "toe the line" on this question, as he has been made to do on others before this, under the crack of the Parnellite whip, whatever contortions he may go through—and we candidly admit that we do not expect many—before taking up the required position. The situation, if its victim had placed himself in it less deliberately or for less ignoble ends, might almost inspire compassion. For the amount of tergiversation which Mr. GLADSTONE will have to execute before he can appear as an uncompromising opponent of the Land Purchase Bill is positively shocking to contemplate even imaginatively. It may be roughly measured by the fact that, even to attack the Bill as tentatively as he has, it has been necessary for him to convict

himself of far grosser and more inexcusable financial improvidence than any he can now impute to the Government. The adverse critic of the security provided in the Ministerial measure for the advances from the Imperial Exchequer is the heaven-born legislator who pledged that Exchequer in 1881 to advance three-fourths of the value of Irish agricultural holdings to tenants desirous of purchasing without any of those limitations and guarantees which he now criticizes as insufficient. In order, however, to realize the full import of this cynical *volte-face*, it is necessary to push the comparison a little further. The essential insecurity of the Ministerial proposal resides, Mr. GLADSTONE declares, in the fact that the representatives of the Irish people are no parties to the transaction, that they "protest against the whole proceeding," and that, if default is made in repayment of the advance to the Exchequer, it will be impossible "in justice, or even decency," to hold any Irish public body responsible in the capacity of surety. We shall be the more edified by this argument coming from such a quarter when we remember that, not merely the purchase proposals of the Act of 1881, but the entire measure, was repudiated by the so-called "representatives of the Irish people," and that their protests against "the whole proceedings" were actually so energetic that Mr. GLADSTONE found it necessary to throw their leaders into prison in order to give "the transaction" a fair chance of completing itself.

What will happen when the author of the Act of 1881 and of the Bill of 1886 is forced to attack the present land-purchase scheme along a more extended front is a truly painful subject of speculation. Undoubtedly he will be expected—which, in the long run, means obliged—by his leaders below the gangway to declare against it on other, broader, and more "sympathetically Irish" grounds than that of a mere cold and even sordid objection to the inadequacy of the securities for our proposed loan; especially since that objection has to presuppose the appearance in the character of fraudulent defaulters of several hundred thousand Irishmen, bound to Mr. GLADSTONE and his party by a "Union of Hearts." He will have to denounce the terms of the bargain from the point of view of the tenant; he will have to make out, or to endeavour to make out, that the landlords will get advantages under it to which they are not entitled; he will, in short, be called upon to contend that the Bill is a bad Bill, not so much for his English and Scotch fellow-citizens as for his Irish clients, and the clients of that Irish political party with which he is allied. It would be impossible for the Parnellites—even if they were willing to do so—to remit any of his obligations under this head. They are bound, as Mr. SMITH reminded his audience at Henley the other day, to do their utmost to save their trade as agitators from being destroyed by the legislative action of the Government; and it is, therefore, imperatively necessary for them to insist upon a loyal support being given by Mr. GLADSTONE to the only plea on which they can decently oppose the measure which threatens to take the bread of agitation out of their mouths. He will, no doubt, be at liberty to employ any other argument he pleases to persuade the English public that the offer of the Government to the Irish tenant is one which ought not to be made; but he will be compelled to contend, above and beyond this, that it is also an offer which the Irish tenant ought not to accept.

No doubt we may safely trust his inexhaustible ingenuity as a sophist to invent some pretext for this contention; but the interest attaching to the whole process will, of course, be personal rather than political. It will be the mere rendering of Parliamentary "suit and service" to the Irish overlord; he would have to assail the Bill successfully on quite other grounds in order to produce any impression on English opinion. And Mr. STANHOPE, in his recent address to the Hornastle Conservative Association, did not at all exaggerate the difficulties which will confront him in this part of his work. It is all very well, in a quarter of an hour's speech at a country railway station, to denounce the inadequacy of the protection provided under the Bill for the pocket of the English taxpayer; but when Mr. GLADSTONE repeats that denunciation in any place where he can be answered, he will, of course, be compelled to deal with what he would call the "stiff, awkward, and indigestible point," that the protection he declares inadequate is, on the face of it, far more efficient than that which he himself proposed. "Could it be imagined," Mr. STANHOPE asked, "that the security to the English taxpayer would be as good when a separate Parliament existed in Ireland

"as when the Imperial Parliament had control over the destinies of the country!" That is the question which MR. GLADSTONE will find facing him on the very threshold of his criticisms, and it will "take him all his time" to answer it.

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS.

THE last Rescript of the German EMPEROR must have given a rude shock to two well-established beliefs about the German army. It had been generally considered as certain that so base a thing as money allowances was never thought of in that force. Then it was taken as proved that the German military class afforded an unlimited supply of officers. The EMPEROR has now informed the world that these are mistaken opinions. If German officers formerly cared little about money, it was because there was very little money in the country to care about. Since the last war this has been somewhat altered. There is now a larger moneyed class in Germany. Members of it go into the army, and when in it they do exactly what the same stamp of man does in England. They force the pace. They start a more expensive style of living. Their poorer brother-officers are tempted to follow their example. When the richer men are in sufficient number, they do their best to keep the poorer out of the regiment altogether; and in Germany this is easy, for the Staff has a right to refuse to receive a newcomer if it chooses. We have heard complaints of this kind at home, and it is not so many years ago since the War Office made a futile attempt to better the position of unmoneied officers by cutting down mess expenses. The EMPEROR is trying to do the same thing, and we have very serious doubts whether he will have better success. When there is more money to spend, and a desire to spend it, the most resolute War Office in the world will find some difficulty in keeping it in the pockets of the owners. When "extravagance" has become the fashion nothing will prevent the regiment in which it goes on from being an unpleasant and also a dangerous place for impecunious officers.

We are, however, inclined to think that the money question has been given a very undue amount of prominence in the Rescript. The EMPEROR seems to be incapable of keeping his tongue and his fingers off the moral sublime. So the opportunity to lecture was too much for him. The real kernel of his Rescript lies in three sentences almost at the beginning of it. "The progressive increase," says the EMPEROR, "of the *cadres* of the army has to a sensible degree augmented the total number of officers' commissions. It appears to me indispensable to ensure as completely as possible the filling up of those commissions, especially in view of the requirements which the army must meet in time of war. At present nearly all the infantry regiments and the Field Artillery are far from being fully equipped in this respect." Now it is to be noted that the corps cited by the EMPEROR as short of officers are precisely those into which moneyed men are least likely to go, and the standard of expense is sure to be lowest. The cavalry and guards are not in want of officers. It is at least probable, therefore, that some explanation must be found for the dearth of candidates for commissions, other than the too severe conditions as to allowance imposed on young officers by the commandants of battalions or field batteries. That explanation, we take it, is a very simple one. The German army has, thanks to the "progressive increase of the *cadres*," outgrown the class which supplies officers. In Germany, as elsewhere, the army is not a career for men who wish to make money. It is taken up by those who are soldiers by tradition, as the German nobles have hitherto been, or who actually prefer a military life. But there are not an indefinite number of such men. Moreover, the modern system of military education, and the demand made on a young officer for the display of some moderate faculty for "chasing X," weeds out a percentage of those who would, and could, make fairly good officers, if only they were not preposterously asked to possess the kind of brains which are good at bookwork. But with a system of universal service the rank and file can be increased almost at will. On the Continent this increase is going on everywhere, with the result that the ranks are outgrowing the staff. There is not a great army which, if it were mobilized to-morrow, would not be thousands short of its complement of officers. A moment's considera-

tion will show that in practice a large proportion of these armies would be mere armed mobs. Good officers, as DEFOE's Cavalier says, presently make a good army. Bad officers, or none, make a mob. It is this kind of force which the mania for mere size is tending to produce all over Europe. The German EMPEROR would show more originality, and more sense, too, if, instead of attempting to develop his staff of officers to more than its natural limit of growth, he were to cut his army down to the level of his staff of officers. Then he would have a force which would be solid all through, and could afford to let his neighbours have as many men on paper as they choose.

THE FACTORIES (INDIA) BILL.

THE Calcutta Trades Association has fallen upon an unlucky time in opposing the Factories Bill now before the VICEROY'S Council. The Berlin Labour Conference has only just finished its work; and its Report being published, the most remarkable thing about it is found to be that every considerable reform recommended by the delegates has long been a matter of course in Great Britain. We have nothing to do with these recommendations. Whenever they come within the range of practicability they have no application to England, where they were fore stalled by custom or legislation years ago. This circumstance, whether a surprise or not, must be something of a mortification for the other nations represented at the Conference. It must have been a deep vexation to their delegates, as patriotic persons, that the utmost they could venture on behalf of the workman amounted to a suggestion that the English practice should be adopted in this and that particular. That being the case, it will be some satisfaction to them to learn that the Conference had its uses for England, after all. For England is the mistress of India. The working population in that vast Empire is as much under the care of the British Government as the people of Manchester, and has as much right to protection from oppressive rules of labour. This we are bound to acknowledge, of course; and if it can be shown that the women and children employed by British cotton-spinners in India are subjected to the frightful wear and tear which has been abolished at home, we are under a special obligation to relieve their distress forthwith. In conscience we must do so; and not only in conscience, but by quite enough of obligation incurred at the Berlin Labour Conference, and under the stimulus of expectation from all the Governments represented there. So far England has stood as a shining example of consideration, wise and timely consideration, for overworked helplessness of a certain kind; and it is impossible that her Government should hang back now, even though the sufferers are out of sight and hearing, of a subject race and in a distant land. Hesitation would bring the scoffer down upon us far too heavily; and Heaven knows what accusations of Pharisaism might not be renewed against the most humane Government that the world has ever seen.

In vain, therefore, will the Calcutta Trades Association "deprecate any further action which might tend to injure and depress Indian manufacturing interests," if what is reported of the Indian cotton factories is true, or even half true. If, we say, for it is to be observed that, while the Calcutta Association deprecate any further action that might tend to injure and depress the cotton manufacturers' interests, it complains that "no information has been given as to the necessity for the proposed legislation" the effect of which is to limit the hours of labour for women and children in the spinning mills, and to make some other reforms which have been found thoroughly beneficial at home. But the meaning of this complaint is not very clear. Possibly the suggestion is that no information as to the actual state of things to-day has been gathered and imparted; that the Indian Factories Bill is addressed to the righting of wrongs and the suppression of miseries which no longer exist, though they did exist when inquiry was made a little while ago. If, indeed, the complaint of the Calcutta Trades Association has not that meaning, it can have none at all. Therefore we must suppose the suggestion to be that since the Factories Act was passed in 1881, there has been nothing to show that further legislation is needed. Conceivably, of course, it may be so; and we must not overlook the fact that the new Bill is supported by testimony ten years old. But then that is

not the only testimony. Appeal is made to the evidence laid before a Commission in 1884, as well as to the Reports of Factory Inspectors of which the last was published only a year ago. And certainly here is "information" quite lively enough to account for a Factory Act Amendments Bill in 1890.

The Indian cotton factories seem to be carried on upon the piece-work system, the beauty of which is said to be that it enables the Indian adult to do the work of the day in the leisurely manner that suits him. All the more does it enable him to do so, apparently, because he brings his wife and children into the mill—on a sort of ganging system, not unknown in England—and there works them as long as he works himself. The kind of labour they are employed upon must be kept up as long as the gins are going; and it appears that in by far the larger number of factories, if not in all, the saving plan of working by shifts is unknown. The result is, that in order to make the most of the piece-work system, the wives and children of many a mild Hindoo are kept at it much too closely and much too long for their poor strength. Children are taken into the mill at seven years old; but, as for that matter, a factory-owner in Kandesh told the Commissioners of 1884 that he had "seen a child at the breast sucking one minute, " and throwing cotton into the machine the next." We are not necessarily to infer, however, that this particular "hand" was the mere babe who is seen reclining in the perambulator of our happier land. Nor does a seven-year-old child in England correspond to the seven-year-old of Kandesh or Bombay; but, after making all due allowance for well-known differences in that regard, the Calcutta Trades Association might be advised to drop their opposition to raising the age at which weak and ill-fed Hindoo children may be employed in factory work. The effects of such labour upon them is described as deplorable; labour light enough in itself, but continued far too long and amidst most unwholesome conditions. We are assured that the evidence laid before the Factory Commission of 1884 "proved that "women and children were forced to work by their husbands and fathers, at times, for seven, eight, and even ten "days, day and night, without ceasing." Another witness said:—"I think you will find that the women had worked "night and day for as long as a week at a stretch. I do "not think there is a double set of children anywhere, and "they must also have worked day and night. The women "would have worked twenty-three out of the twenty-four "hours. This is in Manmad, Pachora, Chalisgaon, and "Dhulia. I could also mention other places. . . . The "hands are harder worked in Kandesh than in Bombay; "the women are, in fact, treated more like animals than "human beings, by their husbands more particularly."

Here is "information" enough surely; and if it be only half true it is time that a little more of the protection afforded by the Factory Acts in England should be extended to women and children in India. It may be, as the Calcutta Trades Association believe, that any further interference with this state of things would tend to injure and depress Indian manufacturing interests. Possibly it might, in a certain sense and for a time. The general opinion in India is said to be against the new Bill; but if that opinion is justifiable, it must be because the reports of the Factory Inspectors, the evidence laid before the Commission of Inquiry, and all such testimony as we have quoted grossly misrepresent the facts. Of that we are unable to judge; and it may be, as the *Times'* Correspondent at Calcutta gives us to understand, that in Bengal and Bombay the mill-hands are uncommonly well off. But the mill-hands elsewhere may be in quite a different condition—in Kandesh, for example, and wherever there are small and distant factories badly provided with steam machinery, and therefore compelled to resort to sinister means of competition with the Lancashire factories. It is very conceivable that for some millowners the proposed legislative interference would "tend "to injure and depress manufacturing interests"; but so it must be if the alternative is a continuance of destructive overwork for women and children. The manufacturer will soon find his remedy, no doubt; that, indeed, is a completely hopeful expectation. There will be a little more enterprise up-country in "steam-power development"; more of economy in various ways; and after a little while the Indian millowner will find that he competes fairly well with his brother of Lancashire, whose advantages do not include the forced labour of weak women and seven-year-old children.

ENGLAND AND AFRICA.

THREE is considerable, though rather desultory, interest in the correspondence to which the announcement of EMIN Pasha's engagement with the Germans has given rise; and, what is more than mere interest, there is also considerable importance in it for Englishmen. As was to be expected, considering the present relations of England and Germany, informal denials have been received from Berlin of any attempt to play tricks with the "spheres of influence." We pointed out last week that Germany has, according to the arrangement of partition, a very large and rather indefinite scope "at the back of beyond" in the countries lying round Lake Tanganyika, without trespassing at all on the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, still less on the countries between that lake, the Albert Nyanza, and the newly-named third lake in the west. It is these territories that EMIN is to "develop"—though, by the way, as he has no special knowledge of them, and is absolutely destitute of acquaintance with or influence over the inhabitants, his special value as agent here does not appear. At the same time, it seems to be honestly enough confessed that it is to the northern extremity of the "sphere" that efforts will be chiefly directed, and that northern extremity is the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, and one at least of the highways to the Equatorial Province and the independent regions lately traversed by Mr. STANLEY. Also it is now said that the redoubtable Dr. PETERS is alive and mischief-making somewhere in this direction. All which things considered, Sir SAMUEL BAKER's ironical outburst about this fresh refusal by England is not wholly unreasonable. Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON has taken a sensible and temperate line in the matter of EMIN's supposed ingratitude; though it may be at least asked whether the Relief Expedition has much to show for itself now. Mr. STANLEY (his friend the Cairo Correspondent of the *Times* meanwhile zealously and rather unnecessarily defending him) has mostly kept silence, except in that curious but (considering how often Mr. STANLEY as an explorer has found game a necessary, and not a luxury) by no means unreasonable protest against mere sport in Masailand. As for the other chief expert who has spoken, Mr. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, his protest about the neglect to consider "the natives" is a generous one, and, as coming from one who has done and suffered what Mr. JEPHSON has, stands poles asunder from the flabby gabble of the self-constituted protectors of "the Aborigine." But we are afraid that even Mr. JEPHSON has not quite cleared his mind of cant—the most difficult of intellectual operations, and that which needs most constant repetition. If we are to think of "the natives," we had much better let them alone altogether. Their most degraded condition is probably happier than their state when they have received the blessings of civilization in the successive shapes of Arab slave-hunters with guns, rum, European diseases, costly European government, and ruthless European commerce.

Our position here is perfectly frank. We think it would be better for the natives not to be civilized at all; but if they have got to be civilized, we had rather England got the benefit of the process. And there is benefit to be got; a point on which even some well-disposed persons seem to hesitate in a rather incomprehensible manner. "Let Germany," it is said, "waste her resources in establishing herself on the Equator if she likes. How will it "hurt us?" It will hurt us in many ways; of which the chief is the almost certain closing of the new markets which our constantly growing population and our inflated trade require. The fine flower of the Cobden Club itself can hardly now entertain the delusion that the other nations of the earth are going to be converted to Free-trade. Protection may be a loathsome idol; but they are pretty well joined to it. And, that being so, every fresh country opened up under influences other than English will have barriers to English trade erected round it as soon as possible and as stoutly as possible. Anybody who likes may say that this is an ignoble way of looking at things. It is never ignoble to recognize accomplished fact. We have chosen for some hundreds of years more or less, and for some forty years almost solely, to make the well-being of England depend on the opening and keeping open of new markets. We here contradict no one who questions the wisdom of this; we simply say that it is a fact. And, if you will elaborately produce a body politic that can only be kept nourished in one way, you must make provision for that way.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH ON LABOUR DISPUTES.

IN the curious outbreak of political oratory which occurred last Wednesday, when no fewer than six speeches were delivered by prominent members of Parliament, three of them Cabinet Ministers, the utterances of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Bristol possess perhaps the chief claim to attention, if only as dealing, unlike any of the others, with a subject outside the eternal weary circle of party controversy. Discoursing before the Bristol Chamber of Commerce at their annual dinner, the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE took occasion to discuss the relations between Capital and Labour, and, after remarking that some people looked with a certain amount of gloom on the disputes that had arisen during the past year in these matters, went on to explain the reason of his own more hopeful view. "He was inclined himself to think," he said, "that a great deal of the cause of these disturbances during the last year had been due to the imperfect organization of labour." And he proceeded to justify this somewhat hard saying by expressing the opinion that a highly organized industry led by men of great experience was more likely to deal with these matters properly than an industry which had no such organization. Men of ability and experience who are trusted by their fellow-workmen will have, Sir MICHAEL thinks, "sufficient ability to keep clear of those wild social schemes which would do more harm to themselves than good to anybody else if carried into effect, and they would have sufficient experience to avoid the misery of strikes where such could be avoided by listening to the counsels of moderation and reason."

Now that there is a certain amount of truth in this—or even that it presents the whole truth of one side of the case—we are not concerned to deny. Undoubtedly there have been examples of strikes in the wholly unorganized or imperfectly organized industries which would not for a moment have been contemplated in any trade directed by a competent and fairly experienced Union Committee; and, no doubt, the immediate effect of providing such industries with an efficient organization would be to greatly diminish the probability of any such ill-considered action in future. But it is impossible, on the other hand, to shut our eyes to the special dangers which such improvements in organization bring in their train; and we cannot but think, with all respect to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, that these dangers are at the present moment becoming a matter of far more serious public concern than that to which he has referred. It is obvious that, the more complete the organization of any industry, the greater the power which must be concentrated in the hands of those who direct it, the more important and valuable to themselves becomes the position which they occupy, and the stronger the temptation to which they are exposed to subordinate the interests of their workmen-constituents to the maintenance of their personal influence and authority. The strength of this temptation, and the disastrous results to which it may lead, could hardly have been better illustrated than it was in the recent case of the gas-stokers. No one can doubt, we imagine, that, if these unfortunate men had been well advised by their leaders, they would never have been encouraged, or rather—for that is nearer the mark—compelled, to enter upon that unequal conflict with Mr. LIVESLEY in which they were so signally worsted. Nor have we any reason to believe that it was through any want of that "intelligence" on the part of these leaders to which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH attaches so much value that the fatal advice which they followed was given them. For all we know there may have been intelligence enough among their leaders; but something more than intelligence was needed, and this desideratum—a community of interest as between leaders and followers—was conspicuously wanting. The Committee of the Union found themselves threatened with a deadly blow at their authority and influence by the attempt of the employers to enter into direct relations with the men on the basis of a profit-sharing arrangement, and they simply could not afford to give way. This particular situation may not again, of course—or, at any rate, not immediately—recur in any particular trade; but a recurrence of it is always on the cards, and is the more likely to take place in proportion to the completeness of any given trade organization, and the consequent strength of the inducement operating upon employers to endeavour to break it down by the method which commended itself to Mr. LIVESLEY and his colleagues. From which it is to be

inferred that the process from which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH anticipates a mitigation of the strife between Labour and Capital will, in a certain number of cases, only tend to render it more acute.

"MORAL TRAINING."

THE speech which Dr. ABBOTT made on Wednesday to the National Union of Teachers contained a great deal with which both the old school and the new school will agree—and disagree. It will displease the old school to hear so much of "moral training." The phrase is made an excuse for too much cant to be quite acceptable to people of common sense. Yet when Dr. ABBOTT went on to say, as he did, that, after all, the bulk of a lad's moral training must be given by his schoolfellow and in his own home, the most old-fashioned can have no serious fault to find with him. His schoolfellow and his family, said Dr. ABBOTT in a professional metaphor, must set him the exercises which drive rules into the youthful head. This we take to amount to a confession that there are rigid limits to the moral training a master can give. In one respect, indeed, the schoolmaster can give moral training of the best. There is nothing more wholesome for the moral nature of the human animal than to learn early that work must be done, and done well. This a master can teach; but, then, the fact was not unknown to BUSBY and to KEATE. The new and gushing school of teacher will have been pleased to hear Dr. ABBOTT speak of moral training, and of "being in touch with your boys." But, then, they may have been shocked, as the old school must have been pleased, to hear Dr. ABBOTT give his approval to a method of getting into touch with boys which assuredly was not unknown to KEATE or BUSBY. He would have the birch used "to draw a line" between serious offences and grave ones—or even, we presume, to draw several lines. If, too, he had to begin teaching again, he would not hesitate to cane a great deal more than he did—a confession which must have made the new school groan.

At this point Dr. ABBOTT propounded an alternative, which would carry him, we fear, far away from common sense. "I would," he said, "try the experiment of a *con-cordat* and a compact with my pupils after this fashion:—" "So-and-so has lowered the character of the school by committing such-and-such an offence, and deserves to be caned; but I should much prefer not to cane him, if the boys will punish him themselves by not speaking to him for a week. "If the boys do this, I shall not punish him myself in any way. So many as promise this, hold up their hands." With all due deference to the Doctor, this is nonsense. If a minority refused to send the boy to Coventry, he would be caned, we suppose—than which a more effectual way of starting bad feeling in a school cannot be imagined. Suppose they all promised, in order to get him off, and laughed at the Doctor behind his back—which is what any boys worth their salt would do—what would become of discipline? Suppose, again, the boy was big and strong enough to punch the heads of half the school, how long would it be before he was in intimate conversation with quite a little party? The Doctor's alternative is, we fear, a concession to a foolish modern sentiment. If he could renew his youth he would soon find that, in fact, there is no alternative to the cane. Masters of experience have been known to maintain that the proper use of that instrument is to make boys learn, and that for really serious faults of conduct the only effective punishment is expulsion. If, however, this is thought to be of the nature of a surrender, then the master must rely on his own authority. Of course, as Dr. ABBOTT justly insists, he must use his discretion. He must strive to emulate the great Mikado of Japan—to make the punishment fit the crime; but, then, that rule applies to colonels of regiments, captains of ships, editors, husbands, fathers, and all other persons put in authority. They must all make sensible rules, and see them obeyed, and not break them themselves. How to do this is just the little secret which persons who can maintain discipline know, but never tell, and persons who cannot maintain discipline do not know, and are for ever trying to teach others. Very modern were the observations the Doctor made on the teaching of civic virtue, and we know not what. Civic virtue, we take it, consists partly in obeying laws, and partly in behaving decently in things which are not matters of law. This last branch a boy learns first

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from his mother, then from his father, and then from his friends. As for the first, a master may, indeed, help to instil it; but nobody has ever invented a better way than the old one—to wit, assiduous drilling in the Latin grammar, and that training in accuracy which is only given by practice in the composition of Latin prose and verse. Dr. ABBOTT himself allows that moral training is best given in the form of orders and not by argument. For our part, we are sure that no moral training a schoolmaster can give is worth a straw, except what is conveyed in these formulas—“That is your work,” “You must do it,” “You will be punished if you do not,” always supposing, of course, that he is as good as his word.

MR CHAMBERLAIN ON LORD ROSEBURY.

IT is impossible not to feel that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in his speech of the other night at Birmingham, took a slightly unfair controversial advantage of Lord ROSEBURY, though it is just as impossible not to enjoy the use which he made of it. Lord ROSEBURY, as a matter of fact, is too adroit a speaker to have intentionally, or unambiguously, given Mr. CHAMBERLAIN an opening for his merciless criticism. He did not, as we understood him, say in his recent address to the Liberal Club at Edinburgh, or, at any rate, he obviously did not wish to be understood as meaning, that politics should, or could, be “divorced from ‘ethics, and kept apart from morality.’” Nay, he did not, we imagine, intend to suggest that even the expediential issues involved in the Home Rule question could be “isolated,” as it were, and dealt with by the politician apart from the ethical considerations associated with it. What, we take it, he meant to convey was that morality was not concerned in the dispute between the Unionist and Separatist Liberals, any more, for instance, than it is in the dispute between the bimetallists and their opponents, and that, therefore, the former, like the latter, controversy might, and should be, discussed and disposed of on grounds of tactics and expediency alone. The conclusion, of course, would be innocent if its minor premiss were true; and much of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN’s criticism of it could only have been really to the point on the assumption that the minor premiss were not only false (which it is), but false within the consciousness of the reasoner. This, of course, it was not—Lord ROSEBURY having never, we need scarcely say, intended to “give himself away” by such a contention as that the Gladstonian Home Rule policy is, or may well be, immoral, but that it is to be pursued, nevertheless, from motives of political expediency.

At the same time, and while acknowledging that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had to misinterpret him before he could score this point against him, we cannot admit that Lord ROSEBURY has much claim to sympathy under this misconstruction. For why did he mention “morality” at all? Why need he, like the elder Mr. SURFACE (who, however, could better carry off such an audacity), have dealt in these admired abstractions at all, instead of “leaving honour out of ‘the question’”? As a matter of fact, his reference to ethical considerations at all was no less gratuitous than infelicitous; for since nineteen out of every twenty political disputes do not raise any question of morality, Lord ROSEBURY might, without provoking comment, have affected to think that the Home Rule controversy, as conducted by Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, belongs to the overwhelming majority. But by his unhappy reference to ethics, he, of course, reminded everybody that the controversy in question affords the most signal and, in the circumstances, shocking exception to the general rule, and that Lord ROSEBURY’s leader has so fought the battle as to identify the triumph of his political cause with the success of doctrines with which the moral code of every civilized country is at war. It might have been possible, for instance, for Lord ROSEBURY’s hearers to have forgotten, if he had not gone out of his way to remind them, that Liberal-Unionists are divided from Gladstonians, not only on the question whether Ireland should have a separate Parliament or not, but on such other questions as whether it is honest on the part of an Irish tenant to refuse payment of his debts; whether it is morally legitimate for Irish agitators to conspire and for English politicians to abet them in conspiring to prevent such payment of debts; whether compassing the ruin of a fellow-man by boycotting is consistent with a man’s duty towards his neighbour; whether the persistence, with know-

ledge of its effects, in incitement which leads to crime and outrage is conduct which morality can approve; and, lastly, whether the vindication and encouragement of each and all of these acts by statesmen of high influence and authority is or is not worthy of the severest moral reprobation. Every one of these questions, we say, might have been left unstirred by Lord ROSEBURY in his speech at Edinburgh if he had kept off dangerous ground, and every one of them has he succeeded, as it is, in raising. It was that unlucky word “morality” which did all the mischief; and it should be a warning to Gladstonian orators to exclude it rigidly from their speeches in future.

REVIEWERS AND THE PUBLIC.

THREE are few things about which the public know less, and few about which the more literary part of the public talks more, than the mystery of reviewing. The public thinks that criticism, like more endearing caresses, goes by favour. They not only believe this, but, if they had their way, it would be so. When any member of the non-professional public writes a book, a song, or sermon, he and his relations begin to bestir themselves. They worry the cousins and aunts of people they know who have friends or relations connected with literature. They apply THACKERAY’s advice that, if you wish to be asked to a party, you should ask to be asked. They desire to be reviewed favourably, and then ask for that benevolence either in their own interests or those of their friends. They do not say “Here is a book we believe to be good; read it, and if you agree with us say so in public.” They never dream that the merits of a work have anything to do with its favourable reception. They know the author, and they have met the critic; so they send the critic the tomes, and ask him to praise them. No reason at all is ever given for this immoral action, except the accident of acquaintance. Often there is not even an acquaintance at second or third hand, and critics receive letters from absolute strangers asking for praise; and praise is to be given merely because it has been demanded.

This is the public’s theory of criticism. The public is profoundly immoral. We do not, of course, expect morality from parents; nothing is sacred to the father of a family, and mothers regard Examinations for the Army and Civil Service as merely family round games, at which any dexterity is legitimate. The lady, the mother, who tried to purchase from the printers proof-sheets of the examination papers cannot yet have been forgotten. She was an admirable, affectionate parent, but her morality was strictly limited. It is the same with regard to criticism. The critic, the public thinks, does not even need to be bought; he is always ready to give himself, his opinions, truth, learning, and justice away, in a spirit of charity. Nay, he is regarded as a churlish boor if he does not answer favourably, which, of course, he does not.

This is the prevalent theory and practice of the ignorant, and, as these are their ethics, they believe every charge brought against reviewers. They are never fair; they are always influenced by private hate or friendship; they are to be bought for a song, for a kiss, for a dinner, for an evening party. In so few hands is criticism, that, apparently, it is a one-man business. One BRIAREUS is capable of reviewing the same book in a score, or a hundred, of serials. People who will believe this nonsense will believe anything to the discredit of their neighbours. The reason is, as we have said, that the public is profoundly immoral. The public would do this kind of thing if it could, the public is always trying to get it done. They are of opinion that editors are a kind of *rois fainéants*, who rather prefer to have their journals meddled with by unscrupulous persons. This is not, in fact, the case, but rather strikingly the reverse. The public being utterly in the dark, and wandering among their own vain imaginations, hold that no critic has literary taste, literary likings and dislikings, unconnected with personal motives. Now to a man of letters whose soul is in his business, literary tastes, loves, and hates are far more potent than any personal friendships or antipathies. His heart is won by what appeals to him as good, come whence it may; he loathes and recoils from what seems to him bad, though it be by the friend of his bosom, if he keeps such a person. All this, naturally, is unintelligible to the public. To that intelligent body the work is nothing, the author is everything. Yet this love of what is, if not good, at least

sympathetic, is the motive of critical praise and dispraise. Even gutter journalists, we honestly believe, suppose themselves to be animated by literary loves and hates. Their tastes are not likely to be ours, nor their expression, nor their method, which is usually personal, and based upon ignorance of all things and people worth knowing, or knowing about. Still, even they are probably much more honest than the public. It is hard to disentangle and discern motives; but the mere fact that a man's business is letters, however bad his taste and education, gives him a freedom from vulgar envies which the public does not allow for. He may be a lounger in public-houses, his associations may be of the coarsest and commonest; but even this kind of critic gains a kind of honesty and fairness from contact with letters. He may, and does, lose it now and then, perhaps frequently; but he is not often such a mere child of evil as the world usually suspects. If this be true of the very dregs of paragraph writers and authors of London Letters to the "Bullock-smithy Herald," much more, of course, is it true of men of letters and education. They may be wrong, and often are; but that is because they are fallible, not because they are bribed, or are envious, or dishonest. A critic's honesty is his point of honour; all men have some point of honour, honesty is his. He neither gives nor accepts dictation; he says his say, it may be ignorantly, flipantly, or arrogantly; still, he believes what he says. But a world which is every day, and all day long, trying to beg a favourable review of its second cousin's worthless novel cannot be expected to credit these statements. Its point of honour has nothing to do with honesty in reviewing, and that point of honour for it does not exist. It believes all the rubbish talked by disappointed authors, who know that JONES or BROWN "attacked" them for his own wicked motives; whereas BROWN or JONES has never even seen their book, nor seen the review of which they complain. Such is the way of the world. So it was since reviewing began, often in the shape of a book as long as the book under criticism. The reviewer who knows the public cannot expect it to be otherwise. He can only snub the silly persons who beg his favourable consideration; and this practice does not, it must be owned, open their eyes to the iniquities which are their own, and which they attribute to their betters.

CAVALRY.

WHEN Captain May, after the campaign of Königgrätz, wrote the *Tactical Retrospect* of 1866, he criticized in the most fearless way, and in no measured terms, the conduct of two of the three "Arms" of battle in the army whose great success he had shared. So trenchant was his criticism that it was replied to by the General Staff of Prussia, though the answer was by no means so skilful as the attack. He especially pointed out the weakness of the cavalry and artillery during the war, so far as their active and close support of the infantry was concerned. He accused both "Arms" of being, practically, tactically inferior to the infantry, though he did not spare them either. He lived to see his valuable analysis of what was done and what might have been done bear fruit, though only to a small extent; for he fell in one of the battles round Bourget, and Prussia lost a brilliant and rising officer, and the whole military world a fearless and instructive critic. He lived to see one of the "Arms" he had visited with disapprobation—the artillery—come at one bound from feebleness to strength. The weaknesses he had pointed out of want of concentration of guns, want of dash, want of tactical comprehension of what artillery could do to help the infantry, he saw fully mended. The enormous concentration of great batteries such as that of the two corps, some 164 guns, north of Sedan, the daring advance into the very forefront of the fight as at Spicheren, in front of Niederwald at Wörth, and elsewhere, were due indirectly, most soldiers think, to the remarks of Captain May. There was room for improvement still, as there always will be in things military, but the artillery had learnt the lesson of 1866, and had profited by it.

But was it so with the cavalry? In 1866 its reconnoitring power had been, to say the least, not especially well organized; its action in the battles had been insignificant; it had quite met its match at Königgrätz, and the battle, though a victory to Prussia, was not a rout. In 1870 some of these points were mended. The cavalry screens, formed by complete tactical divisions, pushed far in front of the marching column, after (as it remembered) the mountain-barrier of the Vosges and the river-obstacle of the Moselle had been passed, did their duty well. Those who remember the events of 1870 must readily call to mind, for example, the ignorance those who were anxiously watching the war this side of the Channel were in of the positions of the German armies advancing from the

Moselle to Sedan. No work has been better done than this screening the columns from the observation of the enemy, and at the same time discovering what he was about by the divisions that protected the army of the Crown Prince of Saxony; and the wheel of the whole force, originally marching westward, to face towards the north is the admiration of every student of the art of war. But there was little else. None of the brilliant dashes that convert defeat into rout and disaster, as after Jena; no vigorous and instructive tactical application of cavalry such as distinguished Kellerman's charges at Marengo marked the campaign of 1870-71. The "Arm" effected nothing decisive, though it attempted to do so. The gallant charge of Bredow at Mars-la-Tour checked the Sixth Corps of Canrobert, but nothing more. Had the gap made by him been followed up by successive charges, it is possible the check might have been emphasized into something much more serious. A German officer describing it the other day did not conceal the irregular and almost disorderly way in which the charge was made—*pace* the very pretty sketch in the German official account of the campaign—and stated that only two shots were fired by the guns covering the corps, while the infantry behind feared to fire lest they should hit their own men. There was a want of something here—a want of co-operation or of general direction; for, if Bredow's weak force could so gallantly do and dare against an army corps, other bodies of cavalry might have reasonably hoped to reap from his daring a very full measure of success.

No! The German cavalry had meant to learn after 1866, as the artillery meant and did, but the results were meagre. The advance of cavalry, for example, on the heights of the Rotherberg at the Spicheren fight was very pretty, but entirely useless. They could do no good there. Both ground and opportunity were denied to a force that had not front to form, and could not hope to attack the infantry and guns that had checked François's men and killed him. The action of the cavalry at Mars-la-Tour, except only that of Bredow, to which already reference has been made, effected practically nothing. There was a good deal of "Charge! Charge! Nothing like charging," as somebody said once; but what came of it? The check, possibly, of the cavalry of the French right wing. That was all. Doubtless this battle, the one in which especially cavalry had much to do, and had to do it, moreover, under the most difficult circumstances, dribbling, as the German army did, into the fire-fight, is one that it is hard to criticize with any harshness. The cavalry did their best; did much, in fact; but many think who study it that there was a want of "general direction" and a want of general object in the whole thing. So that the campaign of 1870-1, though in it May lived to see the views he held with regard to the artillery brought fully to the front, had little to teach the world of soldiers as regards the action of cavalry. The cavalry screen formed by the division was no new thing. That cavalry could attack troops if they got the chance and do damage, though with fearful and dreadful loss, had been shown at Balaklava in far worse a case than Bredow had to face at Mars-la-Tour; and that unshaken infantry (even though in extended order) had nothing to fear from a frontal attack of cavalry had been as well illustrated when the 93rd Regiment checked the Russian advance on the 25th of October, 1854, as when Gallifet charged the extended companies of the Germans at Sedan. But the war had taught this—or, rather, to be more accurate, had left this impression on the minds of the mass of ordinary soldiers, who necessarily outnumber the cavalry. It was the common talk that cavalry could no longer possibly be used in a "bataille rangée." The enormous development of infantry fire, its dreadful effect in 1866 at the hill of Chlum, emphasized by the still more fearful slaughter of the Guard Corps in its advance from St. Marie aux Chênes on St. Privat at the battle of Gravelotte, had led to the formation, not of the conclusion, but of the opinion that cavalry could never face unbroken infantry. Probably the opinion is true, but it depends on what chances the cavalry have. Canrobert was unbroken at Mars-la-Tour, yet none the less Bredow charged him, and with very satisfactory results. The charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique on the plateau of Floing was adduced as reason for saying that cavalry could not even charge dispersed and extended infantry. But these infantry had neither been checked nor demoralized; they were on the full tide of victory, and must have fairly recognized the fact; and their adversaries attacked in a column of squadrons, a formation in which the leading files fell to create a barrier which the troops behind in such a formation could not cross. And yet, the most interesting subject for argument has been, how best to cross the fire-swept zone. To say that the cavalry can do it has been scouted, and yet they can pass it infinitely more quickly than infantry, and hence be less exposed to danger. The roar and rush of a strong force of horsemen is far more damaging to the nerves than anything else, for the danger is more immediate. Is the infantryman's fire likely to be very effective in this case? Private Thomas Atkins generally fires high; will he fire low with his nerves a bit shaken? One result has come from this general talk as to the cavalry arm being necessarily relegated to a "back seat" when the fighting begins. If it has not demoralized them, it cannot avoid having disheartened them. They may have felt in their heart of hearts that brave men could both find the chance and use it if they were allowed. But they were met by paper after paper, and tactical book after tactical book, which laid down as a kind of fully recognized axiom that the days of successful cavalry action in materially influencing the result of a battle were

as dead as Queen Anne. Another matter, certainly in England, may have increased this feeling. In the war-game and on field-days cavalry attacking infantry were in nine cases out of ten either put "out of action" or told they had failed. It was a bad thing to teach, to say the least of it. Your cavalryman does believe, should believe, and should not be checked in believing, that, if needs be, he could carry a redoubt, as at Borodino, or a fleet, as on the frozen Scheldt. The essence of his usefulness is his dare-devil ways, and to make him feel, as has been heretofore, that he is never to have a chance, and to be very much disbelieved in as a fighting arm, is not the way to make the best of him. Soldiers, some of them at least, are beginning to wake up from the dreams of 1870-71 to think of the possibilities of the next war. There is a strong indication that a more sober view of things may be taken, that to dispirit cavalry is bad, and that the wise man should think out what might and could be done to develop its usefulness when the time comes. It is no good planting in men's minds that a charge is never to win. If this be done in peace-time the same men *may* not ride straight in war. This spirit of doubt would not have made the Light Cavalry charge, useless as it was, a glorious memory for the English race, had the men been taught, as they are now too frequently, that it was all no good; they might have recognized it, and turned back.

The crude, half-thought-out notion as to what cavalry could be expected to do is dying out, and dying hard. Give them hope, and make them believe in themselves as mounted men. For years past they have been too often led to drift into the notion that fighting on foot with boots and spurs was more likely to be successful than a cavalry charge. One man in England, Sir Evelyn Wood, who commands at Aldershot, seems to have grasped this weakness; for in last year's field-work he has supported the cavalry brigade there, and as more than one old soldier of the division has said, "has restored hopefulness and *morale* to the mounted arm." Abroad an even more serious and extended idea is developing and being argued.

In Germany, the author of an article on "The Cavalry Division as a Fighting Body," which Captain Leverson, R.E., has translated in the *Journal of the United Service Institution*, takes a bolder standpoint. He deprecates this depreciation of his "Arm"; he advocates its use as a great tactical body, not to look on at a fight, but to join in it and make it decisive. Of course he is an enthusiast; but all new things require such men. It is an uphill game to fight to meet general antagonism; but your enthusiast does not mind that, and, feeling so, brings his hobby into the light of honest and careful criticism, to see some of his cherished ideas exploded, and to recognize that they were weak; but to find, on the other hand, that his very earnestness had worked out from a thing despised or only half appreciated a weapon of value. So that the author of the article in question advocates the cavalry division—that is to say, a force of two or more brigades, each composed of two or more regiments—as a fighting body, of as much use, given that it has a chance, as any infantry division of any corps in Germany.

There is much German hard work and methodical exhaustive method in the anonymous writer's monograph. He, like all such painstaking men, goes to the very bottom of things. He notes the difference between cavalry training nowadays, with short-service men, who cannot therefore be taught by prolonged experience how to ride well, and those of the days of the great Frederick. But his whole text is, and one that possibly English cavalry officers have felt as bitterly as he does, that an attempt, without any hostile feeling, of course, has been made to "theorize them into defeat." He does not merely point out the evil, without showing from military history how his views can be advocated therefrom. Had, he suggests, Du Barail's Cavalry division boldly attacked the German Guard Corps at St. Privat after its first check, the game was worth the candle, and much might have come of it. This is so far true that no one can foretell the result of a bold dash against troops demoralized, even if only for a few moments, by so serious a check as those undoubtedly brave troops for the time experienced. But he recognizes, as all must, that the ground must be favourable for its employment. It is unnecessary to advance as an axiom that all "Arms" require suitable ground for their proper use and development. At the same time, he sees that the bold use of cavalry may produce great results locally, as the sotnias of Cossacks did in the battles around Plevna and elsewhere in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8—a principle advocated by Von Helvig in his *Tactical Examples*.

The strongest argument he uses is the condition of absolute exhaustion that the necessarily prolonged battles of modern times—rendered still more so in the future by longer-ranged rifles, more accurate shooting, and smokeless powder, which will render the conduct of the fight easier, because there will be no smoke to cloud the field or conceal the advancing troops—must produce. Under such circumstances it requires little to check troops already wavering from the very difficulty of advancing. Such a final stroke, which may turn the wavers into retreaters, cavalry might produce. It would be beyond the limits of this article to touch on all the points advanced by this able writer and enthusiast. He points out how in the Napoleonic wars the cavalry were stationed in the field with a certain clear object in view in the mind of the commander, and how, in his opinion, there was no such definite tactical intention on the part of those who commanded the hosts of Germany in 1870. They were not in "the right

place at the right time." But could this be foreseen? Certain it is that no great results were produced by the formidable and valuable force present on the stricken fields.

After Wörth there was no pursuit, and all touch of the French was practically lost for days. The cavalry divisions were too far back to be then of service. The "Arm" had in this case to be left in second line." After Spicheren, Frossard got away unmolested. After Gravelotte nothing was attempted; whether anything could have been done is another question. That is to say, that, as far as the battles were concerned, the cavalry did nothing to speak of to make those battles decisive. The divisions waited to "be called up," instead of seeking their own objective, and then making for it. But the German writer here misses one point apparently. He implies the independent action of the cavalry division, always looking for its chances, and, therefore, to some extent, takes the command of the force out of that of the General-in-Chief. No infantry division has this rôle to play. When they are committed by their chief to join in battle, the control then rests with the divisional leader for a short time; for a still shorter time with the brigadiers; but for the best part of the time with the company officers. This can never be the case with the cavalry division. There is no time. The cavalry action is short and sharp; may be decisive. But the infantry and it are on a different footing. The fight on the one side is sustained; on the other, brief. There is much in his idea that cavalry may do something; very much, he thinks, towards winning a victory. In late wars they have done little. They have not even turned defeat into rout, in any of the battles that may be claimed to be decisive. But did they try? That is the whole *crux*. Can the cavalry division be used as a "fighting body"? One that may help the other two "arms" in battle, as the artillery helped the infantry in 1870? It may be so. The Emperor of Germany has galloped at the head of seventy squadrons in the manoeuvres of last year if reports be true. This may mean something more than a cavalry field-day, or even cavalry v. cavalry on some fiction of a hard-fought field. The charge of a large force of cavalry under General von Schadow on the 4th Army Corps in the manoeuvres of the year before was recognized as tactically correct by the Umpire Staff. But, given ground and chance, and the opportune moment, there is no reason to despair for any real cavalry leader. He may turn the fortune of the fight. Certain it is that it is well he should think so. The mounted arms, active in preparing for a battle, should not sit supine in their saddles waiting to be told what to do; if they do so, it is somebody's fault.

But can these things be? Can cavalry dare and do as they have done in past wars? A grave question with a grave answer. All things are possible to brave men who work out in peace what might help to guide them in war. Only those who are students of the art of war in its best and highest sense can work out the possibilities. The artillery of Germany did so in the four short years between 1866 and 1870. The results all the world knows. Let the cavalry learn the lesson, too, that in peace they may train for war. By weighing the evidence the last battles teach, by filtering this evidence through the sieve of modern thought, and by working out for themselves what they know better than others, what their men can be called upon to do. Then, when the armies meet, there will only be wanted the "hour and the man," and, if the man be skilled, he will find the hour.

A VILLAGE PRIEST.

A NEW state of affairs has lately arisen in regard to adaptations from the French. It used to be the habit of English playwrights to do their work in a perfunctory way and to weaken and vulgarize what they borrowed; but in more than one case of late the adapter has strengthened and refined the material provided to his hand. *A Village Priest* is a case in point—at least it is so to a great extent, for there are weaknesses in the play on which we shall presently touch. Mr. Sydney Grundy, in evolving this drama from M. Busnach's *Le Secret de la Terreuse*, has unquestionably imparted to it far higher qualities than it originally possessed, though it cannot be said that the result is a consistently good play. There are admirably dramatic moments in *A Village Priest*, and it is a novel idea to found a plot upon the general misconception that has existed about a dead man's character; for La Terreuse, who commits the murder of which Jean Tourquenie is accused in the French piece, is neither seen nor heard of in the English version, the murderer here having been the Judge d'Arçay, before whom Jean was tried, a man who died with a spotless reputation, and whose memory is revered by his blind widow and her son Armand. This is a bold stroke on the part of Mr. Grundy, but it leads to some powerful episodes which go far to justify his invention; at the same time, however, introducing complications which are not to be satisfactorily surmounted by any ingenuity. But there is what seems to us a grave fault in the general structure of the play, and that is the fact that the incidents do not tend to bring about a condition of affairs which the audience desires to see reached. We know perfectly well the answer that will be immediately forthcoming to this complaint. We shall be told that the stage cannot travel for ever in old grooves, that it is the

mission of the drama to hold the mirror up to nature, and we shall be asked if in the dramas of real life everything always ends happily. A little scorn will be felt for our lack of imagination and indisposition to march with the front ranks in advance of the ruck; but we want to know, before taking the reproach to heart, of what these front ranks are composed; for we feel strongly inclined to regard them as theorists and crotchet-mongers, who will either be dispersed and vanish, or else take refuge in due time with the main body. So long as love, self-sacrifice, generosity, unselfishness, remain what they are, so long as appreciation of them remains what it is, so long will audiences desire the satisfaction of their sympathies—to see the good rewarded, the bad receive the deserts of their offence, worthy aspirations crowned with success, baseness detected, cruelty punished. Truth to life is an excellent quality if it includes truth to dramatic necessities.

Mr. Grundy has begun his play with two remarkably good acts; the first a little too long, perhaps, but otherwise in all respects impressive, and particularly well balanced. He avoids the vulgar error of making Mme. d'Arcay and her son unduly eulogistic of the dead husband and father. They speak of him with devotion such as affectionate natures might well feel, without giving rise to the suspicion that one whose virtues are dwelt on with such extravagance will almost inevitably prove to be bad. The relations of Jean Tourquenie and his daughter Jeanne (the latter a dependent in the D'Arcay household) are infinitely stronger in Mr. Grundy's play than in the French. We know that Tourquenie, who has escaped from the prison to which the ruthless wickedness of D'Arcay sent him, is innocent of the murder of the Comte de Tremeilan (the murdered man was a Vicomte de Mortrie in the French), and it is a very skilful stroke to show us Jeanne's horror of her father's return, and her terror when she discovers that he is the client whom, escaped from prison after nineteen years of unmerited suffering, she finds in conference with Armand, the son of her employer. It is strange that M. Busnach missed so much that is of great dramatic value. In his play Tourquenie has not escaped, but is out on a ticket-of-leave, so that he does not gain our sympathies as a hunted man, and his daughter does not shrink from him, believing him to be guilty; but when she hears Armand bid him leave the house, for what seems to the young advocate the sin of denouncing the best of judges and parents, she enters the room, takes her place by the injured man's side, and says, "You have just ordered my father out; I am going too." This is commonplace, everyday melodrama. Mr. Grundy's treatment of the episode is altogether admirable; for we cannot but feel deeply for the innocent father from whom his daughter shrinks in horror, her love being the one hope of his wretched life; and, moreover, the dramatist is leaving himself something to play for, as it at once becomes our earnest desire that Jeanne should know the truth and this crown of sorrow be removed from the unhappy Tourquenie. This, we repeat, is very fine indeed, and it is highly dramatic likewise, if painful withal, to make Armand eager in his quest after the real criminal, whom we know to be his father. The self-sacrifice of Tourquenie at the end of the play, again—Mr. Grundy's play; of this there is nothing in M. Busnach—is noble. To save Mme. d'Arcay the pain of learning what her adored husband really was, Tourquenie surrenders himself and returns to his prison, leaving his new-found child, the thought of whom has been the solace of nineteen years of misery.

We think a recital of these points makes good our contention that Mr. Grundy has both refined and strengthened *Le Secret de la Terreuse*; at least, as regards strength, that there are scenes in the English which are very far indeed beyond the best scenes of the French play; but he certainly has to pay the penalty for these alterations, and the last three acts—one incident of the fifth, Tourquenie's self-sacrifice, excepted—are not only complicated with episodes which spread too far afield, but are unsatisfactory for the reason already stated: they do not tend to bring about a condition of affairs which the audience desire to see reached. According to those old-fashioned laws of dramatic construction in which we most potently believe, not only in spite of Ibsenism, but all the more since Ibsen has demonstrated what comes of disregarding them, the dramatist who is concerned with any work between tragedy on the one hand, and farce on the other, should ask himself (and let us emphasize the fact that the answers need by no means necessarily be in opposition to what is natural and based upon the eternal fitness of things) what objects he has in view? and in *A Village Priest* he would be bent on the inquiry how he could bring together his lovers, Armand and Marguerite de Tremeilan; how, also, he could compensate Tourquenie for the loss of those terrible nineteen years. But what is done? Inquiry into the life of his father leads Armand to the very painful discovery that an intrigue existed between this very unjust judge and the Comtesse de Tremeilan, Marguerite's mother, and the severance of their engagement follows; Tourquenie is arrested and marched off to his cell, and the Abbé resigns his office, in order to make a confession which in reality is of practical benefit to nobody. "So they were not married, and all lived unhappily ever afterwards"—that is an end to a story which we confess to not liking at all. This cry for what is absolutely natural on the stage seems to us fatuous in the extreme. If one wants nothing but simple reproduction of real life, why go to the theatre at all? Do not let us here be misunderstood. We are determined sticklers for what is natural, in the first place; that is essential; but with the natural must be combined what is also dramatic. A thing is

not dramatic because it is natural, any more than it is natural because it is dramatic; it is in the happy conjunction of the two that success lies. In real life we hear with more or less pain or regret, according to the nature of the circumstances, of any miscarriage of justice, of a good man wrongfully afflicted, a bad man who escapes the penalty of his offences; and so it is on the stage, when by the art of the dramatist the good man is made to seem specially deserving of reward and the nature of the reward most suitable for him is indicated; when the bad man overreaches himself and perhaps falls into the pit that he himself has digged. In short, it will be impossible to alter the elementary principle of drama until the drift of human sentiment and sympathy is altered likewise.

These abstract remarks on drama have led us away from the consideration of the piece under notice, much of the value of which arises from the excellence of the interpretation. The five acts are carried on practically by seven characters; for the Captain of the Gendarmerie, who figures in the programme, is of no importance, and Madeleine, the Abbé's servant, who scolds him because she is devoted to him, is quite subordinate. There are only three men—the Abbé, played by Mr. Tree, Armand d'Arcay, by Mr. F. Terry, and Jean Tourquenie by Mr. Fernandez. Mr. Tree's part does not afford him any noteworthy opportunities for distinction, perfect in appearance and demeanour as his Abbé is. He is in all respects a complete type of his class—pious without austerity, in the odour of sanctity, yet not oblivious of the fact that he lives in the world; and there is a pleasant touch of comedy in the manner in which he half submits to, half resents—with the very faintest suggestion of humour—the scoldings of his zealous Madeleine. But, though the simple fervour of his speech and the kindness of his deeds so well realize the character, there is scarcely any scope for dramatic action. The colouring is extremely harmonious, but almost too subdued to be effective. As for the incidents of the fifth act, we are tempted to say a great deal on the subject of the priest who leaves the Church in order that he may reveal the secrets which have been imparted to him under the seal of confession; but for a variety of reasons we abstain. Mr. Fernandez, who distinguished himself so much in the last Haymarket play, *A Man's Shadow*, makes a marked success as Jean Tourquenie. One feels that the fervour of his declaration of innocence may well have impressed even Armand d'Arcay, firm as he is in the belief that his father could do no wrong, and that to denounce the Judge as unjust is scarcely short of sacrilege. So, too, in the scenes with his daughter, Tourquenie's earnestness is deeply touching, and the final act of self-sacrifice is done with a simple single-heartedness that cannot fail to move. Mr. F. Terry holds his own with his companions; it would be difficult to mention any particular in which his performance could be improved. Mrs. Tree has dramatic power at command, no doubt, and dramatic parts are supposed to be of higher range than such characters as that of Marguerite, who is really an *ingénue*; but she plays here with such winning grace and charm of manner that we hope the pleasure of seeing her in a long series of Marguerites may be in store for us. Her girlish vivacity and display of affection for her lover and devotion to her mother are quite delightful. Mrs. Gaston Murray as Mme. d'Arcay, Miss Rose Leclercq as the repentant Comtesse de Tremeilan, and Miss Norreys as Jeanne, all do much to aid the curious mixture of strength and weakness which goes to make up Mr. Grundy's play.

BANKING RESERVES.

IN a former article we gave expression to the apprehension which exists in the commercial world of England caused by the apparent deficiency of the banking reserve of the country when compared with the enormous liabilities which rest upon it as their only means of discharge, and we showed that it is not without some good cause that that apprehension is felt. We now propose to examine the subject more deeply than it was possible to do in the space of one article. We shall show that there are other causes beyond the supposed inefficiency of the central reserve (the just measure of which reserve cannot be ascertained by a mere computation of banking liabilities), and that the qualified approval which we gave to the plan of banking reform suggested by our contemporary the *Statist* would need further consideration, and probably further qualification, before it could be adopted. We shall show that, whether the reserve of the Bank of England is or is not sufficient to meet the necessary calls upon it, the liabilities of the market are even greater than our contemporary's computation makes them.

Let us consider this point. It is as easy to write 600,000,000, as any other large sum, conveying no very accurate idea to the mind; but how do we arrive at this total? We know the deposits of the Bank and of the great joint-stock banks; but what trustworthy computation can be made of the deposits of banks whose accounts are not published? We must suppose this part of the calculation to be guesswork. But where in the computation comes the vast amount of bills of exchange and of the daily indebtedness of commerce? The amount of banking liability must be a mere drop in the bucket to the gross sum; and the power of paying it all in cash, so far as it needs or might need so to be paid, depends in the ultimate resort on the

15,000,000*l.* or 16,000,000*l.* reserve, the till-money of the Bank, and the till-money of the other banks. These two together have, we think, in ordinary times, been found ample for the needs of commerce. But, if we look only to arithmetic, the comparison of these sums with the assumed amount of liabilities would be alarming; for we may repeat that in times of unusual demand the till-money which is always wanted for daily needs is no true reserve. The bankers' balances are no additional reserve at all, for they are necessarily included in the reserve of the Bank of England. Loans to bill-discounters are no reserve. Even Consols and the mass of other securities held by bankers and merchants are no true reserve, in the sense in which unemployed cash is a reserve. We have left out of the account all private indebtedness—that is to say, such as is not commercial—and, on the other hand, we leave out of the account that which is supposed to provide for a part of it—the money in actual circulation—as they come only indirectly within the scope of the present disquisition.

It is in abnormal times only that money at call or short notice is no true reserve. In normal times it serves that purpose as well as can be wished. But what we desire to emphasize is that, when money is withdrawn from the discount-houses or from the Stock Exchange, whether by the recall of loans or by borrowing on securities, or even by selling them, it must come in the end from the Bank of England. Some one—the discount-house, the stockbroker, the lender of the money borrowed, or the purchaser of the securities sold—has, in order to pay, to withdraw from the Bank some portion of his balance or to borrow from the Bank. Even if the Bank of England itself desires to sell its securities, and thus diminish its liabilities, we suspect that it may be one thing to sell and quite another thing to get paid. In times of pressure it may well be that the only way for the Bank to get paid is to lend the money to the purchaser of the securities. Nor is the necessity of having recourse to the Bank of England confined to times of pressure; for it is evident that no large sum in securities can be sold without the buyers being obliged to come, directly or indirectly, for a part at least of the purchase-money, to the Bank. The commercial community, therefore, is even more dependent on the Bank than we have shown in our former article; and, if it were solely a matter of rule of three, the outlook would be bad indeed. But a little consideration will show that no definite conclusion can be drawn from an arithmetical comparison between the computed amount of indebtedness and the amount of ultimate reserve. Take a single example. The sum of banking indebtedness, whatever it is, comprises the deposits made in a country bank—say at Leeds—and those in a London bank, its agent. The Leeds bank owes for its deposits; it has remitted a part of its deposits to the London bank, and the London bank owes for that remittance. The London bank may have paid it into the Bank of England, whose liability is increased accordingly; or it may have lent it to a discount-counter who, therefore, owes so much of it, and his banker, again, owes him the same amount, and "so ad infinitum." But several of these transfers will have been included in any such computation of indebtedness as has been suggested, whereas they are not five, or any number of sums, but only one. All of them, and all other like sums, are, in practice, though not in form, subjected to a process of clearing; and are reduced to a very moderate compass. The only true comparison would be between the balance—the clearing—of all these transactions; and that balance can never be struck at any given time. We may say, in passing, that, whereas on the one hand the danger is less than a mere arithmetical comparison would show, so, on the other hand, it would not be nullified by a demonstration that, as a whole, the reserve is sufficient for the balance of liabilities; because every single step in the ladder brings danger with it, and the breaking of one debtor may produce widespread disaster, even though in the end, and as a whole, the reserve would have been large enough but for the blow which had been given to credit.

Now, as to the proposed remedies. We have already said that a repeal of the Bank Charter Act would be a plunge into greater dangers and worse evils. Some amendment of the Act might be found, but none has yet been propounded which would not nullify the existing safeguards. We mentioned another suggestion—a combination between the six great banks and the Bank of England to maintain a sufficient reserve; but these six banks are customers of the Bank of England, and it is difficult to imagine a combination between banker and customer for any such purpose. The two parties stand on a different platform. Moreover, the difficulty seems to lie with the other banks. The Bank of England, we know, keeps a cash reserve sufficient, and more than sufficient, for its liabilities, and we know what it is every Thursday; but as to the others our knowledge is much less perfect; they may or may not keep an ample cash reserve; but we know what their reserve is only on the 30th of June and the 31st of December, and we are quite sure that it is not reduced to its lowest point for the dates of publication. Their till-money, as we have said, is no reserve; and if the collective balance of all the banks with their bankers, the Bank of England, is limited, as rumour says, to 10,000,000*l.*, it is obvious that the cash reserve of some of them must be grievously deficient. In evil times, we conceive, they must in the last resort depend entirely for safety on the aid they may be able to get from the Bank of England; and when all are struggling for that aid the weakest may have to go to the wall.

Now the plan of the *Statist* is, that they should be compelled

by law to keep a cash reserve of 25 per cent. of their deposits, including, we presume, their normal amount of till-money and their present balances at the Bank of England. Where and in what form is it to be kept? Larger balances at the Bank? If more till-money, it would of course have to come in the first instance from the Bank, whether it be notes or gold that they store; and if it is to consist of increased balances in the Bank of England they can only be accumulated by reduced lending on the part of the banks. In either case a heavier burden would be thrown upon the Bank of England, which would have to take measures to strengthen its reserve, an operation involving more or less injury to commerce. The result of the augmented balances of the bankers would be a considerable increase of deposits in the Bank. How is the safety of these deposits to be secured? Is the Bank to be bound by the same law as other bankers; and if not, why not? A 25 per cent. reserve is thought to be enough for them. Is it also enough for the Bank? But the Bank has now some 50 per cent. in reserve, and would still have 25 per cent. if the bankers' balances were 40,000,000*l.* instead of the supposed ten. It would seem to be an anomaly that a bank possessed of enormous capital should be under any compulsion, moral or legal, to keep a greater reserve than its neighbours. It has been supposed that greater reserves kept by joint-stock and other banks would enable the Bank of England to work with less reserve; but if these increased reserves were kept in the form of increased balances with the Bank of England, we have shown that the result would be a consequent necessity for a larger, not a smaller, reserve in Threadneedle Street. We doubt the probability of passing such a Bill as our contemporary suggests through Parliament, and if it were carried it must be borne in mind that the Banks are compelled to publish frequently, if not weekly, the amount and character of their cash balances. The amount alone would be of little use either to give confidence to the public or to guide the Bank of England as to its own action. The best hope seems to be in the prudence of the banks themselves, which may teach them that they provide better for their safety by keeping larger reserves than they now appear to do, instead of trusting, as they now seem to trust, so largely to the Bank of England as their refuge in evil times. But let us suppose with the writer in the *Statist* that the law he has suggested has been passed and made effective, and let us examine the result of the relaxation proposed by the same writer. The banker is to be allowed to trench at his own discretion on his 10 per cent. cash reserve, under the condition that he pays, say, 5 per cent. duty to the Government on the amount of the deficiency. But what, then, is the object of a cash reserve? (1) To ensure, not the ultimate solvency of the Bank, but the certainty of its *immediately* meeting its liabilities; and (2) to give confidence to its depositors and to the public. But the proposal contemplates that at the very time that there is a rise in the rate of discount and some slackening of public confidence, the cash reserve is to be permitted to lessen—a lessening which would increase with increased rapidity as confidence diminished, and as a higher rate of interest offers greater temptation to the banker to lend. We think the plan must be reconsidered. We believe the only resource will be some well-considered amendment of the Act of 1844, avoiding the pitfalls of Mr. Lowe's Bill, but providing for some relaxation under certain definite restrictions. We may, perhaps, return to this point in a future article.

A FARCICAL MELODRAMA.

PLAYWRIGHTS of a certain class are apt to misunderstand in what ingenuity of construction really consists. It was to satirize a feeble school of theatrical writers that the author of *Box and Cox* made each recognize in his fellow-lodger his long-lost brother; but the school is still at work, and there is a good deal of suggestion of it in Mr. Arthur Law's *Dick Venables*—a curious admixture of melodrama and farce, lately produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre. His construction is altogether too ingenious in the sense that people meet in an incredible manner and events fit into each other in a way which obliges us to the conclusion that, narrow as is the boundary between the improbable and the impossible, it is here far overstepped. When this is so an air of unreality is the inevitable result. If the reader will consider the plots of plays which have stood the test of time, he will find that there are no wild improbabilities in them, except, perhaps, in a select few classical works which, having peculiar merit of another sort, tradition has preserved. But Mr. Law wants us to swallow a great deal too much in connexion with *Dick Venables*. We are asked to believe that Mrs. Venables, whose husband is supposed to have been killed while attempting to escape from a convict prison, would—having all the world open to her for choice—choose the immediate neighbourhood of a convict prison for her residence; a spot where the sights and sounds of daily life would continually remind her of her husband's fate, and where the prison and its inmates are almost necessarily a constant subject of talk. Now here we start with a proposition which we cannot accept. Out of it we may arrive at scenes which are theatrically effective, but they can never have genuine dramatic value—can never really appeal to our imagination and win belief. It is an undue excursion into the region of make-believe, for we know perfectly well why Mrs. Lisle, as she calls herself, is living where we find her: in order

that her husband, who is, of course, alive, may escape a second time, and find his way to this very house. Then we discover that the new Governor of the prison, Captain Lankester, has been on the verge of marrying Mrs. Lisle a few years before; and here Mr. Law shirks his obvious duty, for he makes no attempt to account for what really seems to be unaccountable, the severance of the relations between the true-hearted woman and devoted man, and her very speedy marriage to such a husband as Venables. When the pair meet and renew their engagement, as if the fullest explanation had been given and accepted, we cannot but feel that the shallow inconsequent work is not for a moment to be accepted seriously.

Dick Venables, as played by Mr. E. S. Willard, is a very striking figure as he crawls stealthily along the moor, darts into the gate, turns to kill the warder in close pursuit of him, and then creeps up the steps into his wife's house. This makes a really powerful beginning to the play, for Mr. Willard very thoroughly understands his work; but a different tone and treatment are adopted in the following acts. Dick assumes the name and character of Mrs. Lisle's brother, Captain Kirby, a naval officer, an agreeable man of the world, of pleasant address, and easy manners. There is something amusing in the calm interest he seems to take in the hue and cry after the escaped convict, and in his friendly intercourse with the Governor, Captain Lankester, who confides to Venables how much he loves his wife—a condition of affairs which greatly diverts the cynical rogue. But this, entertaining as we admit it to be, is nevertheless bad drama; for we cannot feel a proper sense of horror and detestation of a man at whose quaint remarks we have just been laughing. We ought to regard Venables with hatred and contempt, to long to see him meet his just deserts. He is the villain, but by no means one of those villains whom galleries hoot; and so when we hear that he is in imminent danger of recognition by a girl in the neighbourhood, who is engaged to the real Captain Kirby, and by a warder who has served on board his ship, we greatly hope that by luck and cunning such necessarily embarrassing interviews may be avoided. That is it; we cannot be eager to see a man who has amused us by his ready wit and quiet humour, whom we admire for his calm bravery and readiness of resource, led away to the gallows; for the warder is dead, and, once captured, Dick's fate is sealed. Mr. Willard has no choice between different ways of playing the part. The situation in which he is placed and the words he has to speak forbid him to be hard and repellent.

An amiable old Archdeacon, with a magpie-like propensity for stealing whatever he can lay his hands on, is treated with remarkable cleverness by Mr. Alfred Bishop, and the discovery of Venables's identity—at any rate, of the fact that he is not Kirby—is neatly brought about. Seeing Mrs. Lisle put a photograph carefully into a drawer, the Archdeacon takes the first opportunity of stealing it, and, presently turning out his pockets, hands it to Lankester, who sees "Charles Kirby" written beneath the likeness of a man who is certainly not the person now bearing that name. Mr. Garden has often been better suited than he is here with the character of Dr. Paganstecher, student of phrenology (he follows an example set by the father of Mr. Midshipman Easy, by the way, as regards the hiring of servants with what he supposes to be moral bumps), and collector of precious stones, an attempt to steal which latter, in conjunction with a butler possessed of a perfect phrenological head, and engaged on the strength (or rather shape) of it, leads to the death of Dick Venables. Mr. Elwood makes a solid Governor; but with the ladies we were less pleased. Miss Olga Brandon's grief strikes us as artificial, and the girlish affectations of Miss Annie Rose are a little irritating. Mrs. Cannings plays creditably as the wife of the Archdeacon; but the part is unimportant. The scenery is good; but for the reasons given—and others that might be added if it were worth while—*Dick Venables* is not a good play.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF TRADE.

THE Board of Trade Returns for March and the first quarter of the current year, which were issued on Wednesday afternoon, go to strengthen the other indications that the commercial improvement has received a check. It is too early yet to judge whether the check is merely temporary or will prove permanent. We may hope it is only the former, but we must not lose sight of the fact, all the same, that several adverse influences have come into operation during the past few months. The South American countries have not as much credit now as they had a year ago, and are not able, therefore, to raise money here freely for the purchase of machinery, railway materials, and the like. Then, again, there is not the same active demand for coal in Germany as there was. The dearness and scarcity of money that lasted so long had a depressing effect; and so have had the undue speculation in iron, the labour disputes, the numerous strikes, the rise in wages, and the general advance in prices. On the other hand, it may be pointed out that the improvement in British trade has stimulated business in other countries, that the revival has now extended to the Continent; and we may trust therefore that, as some of our customers have become less able to buy from us, others will be in a better position to increase their dealings. For the moment, however, there is no doubt that business is less active and less prosperous, speaking generally, than it was before

Christmas. For the first quarter of the year, the value of the imports was 105,291,616*l.*, showing a decrease, compared with the corresponding period of last year, of 1,334,385*l.*, or about 1½ per cent. For the month of March the falling off is decidedly less—only about one-third of 1 per cent. At first sight this would seem to be an encouraging circumstance, as it would appear to indicate that, as the year advanced, business was growing better, and, therefore, was recovering from the check given. But, on looking more closely into the figures, we find that it was only in the imports of food and drink that there was any considerable improvement. There was, on the other hand, a very large falling off in the imports of raw materials for textile manufactures, a small falling off in the raw materials for sundry industries, and a considerable falling off in chemicals. In raw materials for textile manufactures the falling off amounted to not far short of 1½ million in value, being very nearly 14½ per cent., while for the whole three months the falling off was not greatly less than 6½ per cent. in value. The decrease was greatest in raw cotton. It was very large, however, in wool, considerable in silk, and not unimportant in flax and jute. The first inference one would be inclined to draw from this is, that our manufacturers are less confident than they were, and are therefore more sparing in accumulating stocks. But against this it is to be pointed out, firstly, that the imports of raw cotton at the beginning of last year were very large, for the American cotton crop of 1888 was late, and therefore was not shipped in very large quantities until the beginning of 1889; and secondly, it is to be recollect that during the last four months of 1889 the imports of raw cotton were of unusual magnitude. The Cotton Corner in September induced merchants to hurry the article to market as quickly as possible, and they were able to do so the more easily because the cotton crop of last year was gathered early. An unusually large proportion of the crop therefore was imported into this country before Christmas, and it is possible, consequently, that the falling off since New Year's Day does not indicate actual discouragement on the part of our manufacturers. Yet, as will be seen presently when we come to speak of the exports, there is no doubt at all that the cotton trade is extremely depressed, and it would not be surprising, therefore, if manufacturers were less ready to buy than in ordinary years. For the quarter there was a falling off in articles of food and drink duty free, though there was a large increase for March alone; but both for the month and for the quarter there was an increase in imports of dutiable articles of food and drink. We may add, as bearing upon the coming Budget, that, owing to the expectation that the Tea-duty will be reduced, the quantity of tea taken out of bond for home consumption during the past quarter was less by about six millions of pounds than in the corresponding period of last year. In the new financial year, therefore, the Tea-duty will be much more productive than in the one just ended; while the increase in the imports of dutiable articles of all kinds proves the augmented consuming power of the population.

Turning now to the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, we find that for the month of March the value was 20,067,022*l.*, a decrease compared with the corresponding month of last year of 1,392,468*l.*, or not far short of 6½ per cent. But for the quarter there was an increase in the value of the exports of 2,081,123*l.*, or nearly 3½ per cent. It will be seen that the month of March was very much worse than January and February. For the whole quarter, in fact, there is an increase in the value of the exports under every head except yarns and textile fabrics; but in March there is a falling off, not merely under that head, but in living animals, in metals, in machinery, and "all other articles." The result for March, no doubt, is largely accounted for by the great coal strike and the dock strike in Liverpool. The Liverpool dock strike necessarily interfered very seriously with the business of one of the very greatest of our ports; and, though the coal strike lasted only four days, yet, as we know, it added seriously to the difficulties of cotton manufacturers, and it must have injuriously affected other trades. It is noteworthy, however, that the exports of coal in March were actually greater than in the corresponding month of last year by 72,785 tons, while the increase in value was as much as 337,000*l.*, prices this March having been very decidedly higher than in March of last year. The explanation probably is that exporters hurried coal to the ports before the strike took place, fearing that if they delayed they might be unable to get it shipped. But, whatever importance ought to be attached to the strikes in the coal trade and the Liverpool docks, they only partially explain the falling off in the exports. The chief decrease, in fact, is in yarn and textile fabrics. For the month it amounts to 1,561,000*l.*, or over 15½ per cent., and for the quarter it is as much as 1,189,000*l.*, or not far short of 4 per cent., and it is mainly observable in the exports to India of cotton. Both for the month and the three months there is a very large decrease in the exports to Bombay, Madras, Bengal, and Burmah. There is also a falling off to British North America, to the Argentine Republic, Gibraltar, Malta, the West Coast of Africa, Dutch India, and China. But the greatest decrease is in the Indian demand. For some years the exports to India had been so large that the market has become glutted, and some time must pass before the stocks on hand can be disposed of. No doubt the stringency in the money market has helped to increase the difficulties, although it is to be noted that the discount rates in Calcutta and Bombay have not

been higher this spring than they were twelve months ago when the exports were still large. But it is reasonable to assume for all that that stringency recurring two springs in succession has a greater effect now than when it first began. There has been a falling off in the other textile exports which is very general, and for the month alone there has been a falling off in machinery and mill-work. In iron and steel there has been, both for the month and for the quarter, a slight falling off in the exports so far as quantity is concerned; but the falling off is much too slight to account for the uneasy feeling that prevails in the industry. On the other hand, owing to the great rise in prices that has taken place, there is a very marked increase in values, being for the quarter over 14 per cent.

The other available statistics confirm the inference to be drawn from the figures we have now been examining. Thus the London Clearing House returns show a decrease for the months of February and March of about 12½ millions. In March the clearings on Stock Exchange settling-day were larger than in the corresponding month of last year; whereas on the 4th of both March and February—that is, the trade settling-days—the decreases were very marked. Bearing in mind that prices are higher this year than they were twelve months ago, it is hardly possible to resist the conclusion that this points to a check in trade. The railway traffic returns, it is true, are more satisfactory. For seventeen selected lines of the United Kingdom they show an increase in the carriage of goods for the first quarter of this year of about 267,000^t. But in the corresponding quarter of last year the increase from the carriage of goods was as much as 454,000^t. The increase, therefore, is very much smaller than in the first three months of last year, and to some extent is due to higher rates. Further, market reports and circulars are much less confident than they were lately. Freights are low, and do not seem likely to recover. Orders for new ships are almost as scarce as they were in January and February. The ship-building yards are busily employed in constructing the vessels ordered last year, and the outturn during March was very large. It is said that there is still work on hand that will keep them employed for fully six months. But new orders are exceedingly scarce, and while freights remain low and prices high, they are not likely to increase very materially. Moreover, although the consumption of iron continues very large, the price of warrants in Glasgow is still under fifty shillings. Holders are evidently not confident regarding the future, and prefer to submit to a present sacrifice rather than to risk heavier losses by-and-by. Respecting the state of the cotton trade we have already spoken. For nearly twelve months now it has been depressed, and there are no indications of an early recovery. Possibly now that money may be expected to grow cheaper in India, the demand there for piece goods may increase. If it does not, it is probable that short time may have to be adopted on a considerable scale before long. In Germany the outlook is even darker than at home. Iron and steel manufacturers have renewed their conventions for keeping up prices for another couple of years, but observers doubt very much whether they will be able to do so. The Government and the railway orders will be completed before many months are over, and there is little probability that the extreme activity of the past couple of years can be renewed. Industrial securities of all kinds in consequence have fallen heavily, and the general anticipation is that there must be a still heavier fall in both iron and coal. In the United States, again, the iron trade has become depressed during the past few months. In the latter half of last year it grew active, and there were hopes that the revival in iron would be followed by a recovery in the coal trade. The hopes, however, have not been realized. The coal industry is as depressed as ever, and the activity in iron has proved to be short-lived. It seems clear from all this that the influences which are affecting our own iron and coal trades are by no means local or restricted. They may, for all that, be only temporary. On that point it is too early yet to form an opinion, and, therefore, the indications of the next few months will be watched with keen interest.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

x.

MARIE-JOSEPH CHÉNIER'S play *Charles IX.*, produced on November 4, 1789, was dedicated to the King in a prologue opening thus—

Monarque des Français, chef d'un peuple fidèle—

and closing with an eulogium of George Washington, which contains also a curious compliment to the King:—

Digne Washington le vertueux rival,
Son élève autrefois, maintenant son égal.

The *Discours Préliminaire* is distinctly a masterpiece of its kind, and was published separately as a sort of fly-sheet, and sold at the doors of the theatre. Therein all the tyrants of antiquity are paraded in a sort of procession, which, if it does credit to the author's talent, certainly does not prove him to be either an accurate historian or a profound politician. However, the play was the thing, and in its way *Charles IX.* is fine. Chénier declares it was begun long before the Revolution; but it contains internal evidence of having been either rewritten or finished during the years 1787-9. Needless to say that the hero

Charles IX. and his mother Catherine de Medicis no more resemble their historical prototypes than does the Mme. de Pompadour of *Narcisse* the mistress of Louis XV. At the first performance the whole Assemblée Constituante attended, and Mirabeau was obliged to leave his place and instal himself in a box, so as to be more in evidence. All those lines which flattered the passions of the time were received with prolonged applause, notably so the great revolutionary speech of L'Hôpital, which was encored, just as if it had been an air in an opera. The part of Charles IX. literally made the fortune of Talma. The rôle had been refused by St.-Phal, who preferred the more sympathetic character of Henry of Navarre. Talma is said to have been absolutely marvellous, especially in the last scene, in which he expresses his remorse for the crimes he has committed at the suggestion of his infernal mother. Chénier passed by this single production from obscurity to fame, and such was the celebrity acquired in a few hours that the freedoms of several cities were immediately offered him, and Paris was full of his name and glory. The first twenty-four performances brought in something like 8,000^t. to the treasury, altogether the largest sum of money ever made by a single play at that period. One performance—the twenty-fourth—netted 4,200 francs. *Charles IX.* was produced throughout the whole period of the Revolution on all great occasions—at the fête of the Federation, for instance, when Danton attended in the name of the Cordeliers, and Mirabeau in that of the federated provinces. On this occasion a great many intrigues had to be overcome, for the actors, the majority of whom were the reverse of revolutionary, protested over and over again against what they were pleased to consider the "fictitious popularity" of the play. It is even related that Mme. Vestris was bribed to be "ill" on one occasion, so as to ruin the performance.

Throughout the whole of the year 1790 *Charles IX.* was a bone of contention between the Revolutionary and the non-Revolutionary performers, who on more than one occasion came to blows behind the scenes in consequence. The Royalists several times endeavoured to personally injure Talma by tying strings across the wings to trip him up as he passed from the stage, and once they succeeded so perfectly in their design that he fell, and struck his forehead a violent blow, and was unable to continue the performance. Chénier wrote another piece at about this time, called *Tiberius*; but, though it was much more revolutionary in spirit than *Charles IX.*, it was not put on the bills until long after the Revolution was over, and then failed. *Les Victimes Clouées* was represented by the comedians of the Théâtre-Français on the 29th March, 1791, and the principal characters were taken by Fleury, St.-Phal, Dazincourt, Naudet, and Mlle. Contat. This is a violently anti-Clerical play; clever, but utterly illogical, and absurdly sensational. The first performance was marked by a curious incident. In the last act, when Father Laurent causes the hero to be dragged down to one of the dungeons of his convent, to be tortured, a man in the pit shouted suddenly, "Kill that wretch! kill him!" The eyes of all the spectators were riveted upon the speaker, who rose in his place, and said:—"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I have been a monk; and, like Dorval in the play, I have been hurried from my cell into the dungeon of the monastery, and horribly tortured. I thought I recognized in the features of Laurent the wretch who so cruelly maltreated me!" A little time afterwards it was discovered that this impromptu had been organized by the actor Monvel, who was one of the most active promoters of everything anti-Clerical and anti-Royalist, and who stopped at nothing to further his ends. In the same line as *Les Victimes Clouées*, only much more violent, is *La Journée du Vatican; ou, le Mariage du Pape*, by Giraud, who in reality translated it from the Italian of Andrea Gennero Chiavacchi. It was given at the Théâtre de la Rue de Louvois (Ambigu-Comique), in the presence of what was then considered a fairly brilliant audience, among those present being M. and Mme. Camille Desmoulins, Danton, M. and Mme. Roland, and a host of other Republican celebrities. The lovely Lucile was so delighted at the success of the play that, between the acts, she presented its translator to the public from her box, amidst great applause. In this extraordinary production Pope Pius VI. is the principal character; and in the first act entertains at supper a very odd selection of ladies and gentlemen, including Mme. de Polignac, Mme. de Canisy, and Mme. Lebrun, all known partisans of the Queen. The Papal supper-party—it was a very merry one, at which champagne "circulated" incessantly—ended as follows:—"My dear papa," cries Mme. de Polignac, "why do not you get married? Do let the poor old priests get married! It is such an awful shame to be celibates with such nice girls as we are about!" Then the Pope and the Cardinals and a gathering of ladies of doubtful respectability join hands and a very disreputable orgie ensues. The last scene is peculiarly blasphemous, and the proceedings terminate by a fandango danced by the Pope and Mme. de Polignac. A still more repulsive play in which Our Lord figured under the most revolting circumstances was produced in 1793, but, strange to say, was hissed off the stage. Although religion had been banished from the churches, it had not been completely so from the hearts of the people.

On the 2nd of January, 1793, a really remarkable piece, called *L'Ami des Lois*, was represented for the first time at the Théâtre-Français. This piece is, dramatically speaking, very uninteresting, but it is curious on account of the proofs of moderation which it contains. The *Moniteur Universel* of January 4 praised it in the highest terms, and "hopes that it

will have immense success and be performed in every city of France, for it is full of honest and noble principles and sentiments." However, it saw only four performances, for it was denounced as anti-revolutionary in several of the clubs, and the commune issued an order prohibiting it. On the 12th of January the theatre was filled to suffocation with people who noisily insisted upon the suppressed piece being performed. Santerre happened to be present, and the crowd howled "Down with Santerre! We want the play—we will have the play!" Santerre was furious, rushed from the house, and denounced the spectators, declaring that he perceived amongst them a number of emigrants. On this, Chambon, the Mayor of Paris, presented himself, and ordered the theatre to be cleared, which was done, and a good many people were arrested. Later on in the evening, in order to calm the excitement, the play was permitted to proceed, amidst universal and prolonged applause. On the following day *Semiramis* was given. Between the acts the spectators demanded *L'Ami des Lois*. Dazincourt advanced to the footlights and implored them not to insist upon the performance of a play which might imperil his safety and that of his comrades. The people were reasonable enough, but absolutely refused to be satisfied until Dazincourt had promised them to produce the play on the following 14th of January, by which time, however, Santerre had won the day, and *L'Ami des Lois* was never seen again in Paris until the 6th of January, 1795, when it fell flat. The Revolution was over, and the play was essentially *une pièce d'actualité*. *Le Jugement Dernier des Rois*, by Sylvain Maréchal, was represented for the first time at the Théâtre de la République on the 18th October, 1793—two days after the death of Marie Antoinette—before an enormous audience, and attained an enthusiastic reception. In this play figured almost all the kings and queens of Europe then living, including, of course, the Pope. The Pope was enacted by Dugazon, the Czarina by Michot, the Emperor by Raymont, the King of Spain by Baptiste le Jeune, and the King of Poland by Grand-Mesnil. All the European sovereigns are banished to a lonely island, presided over by an old Frenchman, played by Monvel, and a horde of savages of all ages. The old gentleman has been for a very long time in exile, and he is unaware of all that has transpired during his absence from his native land. He is presently enlightened by the apparition of the banished kings and queens, who land on the island, accompanied by the Pope. They have been exiled, and some notion of the state in which they are is conveyed by the King of Spain. "Ah!" cries he, "my excellent cousin, Louis XVI., you are much better off than we are! You have lost your head, but we have retained our stomachs! You do not want for anything, but here we are dying of starvation." On this Catherine II. of Russia invites any one of the monarchs to follow her into the cave, where she intends to pass the night. They insult her by asking her to look at herself in the placid waters of a stream, and ask if anybody would not be afraid to take a meal with such a *vieille catou*, as the King of Poland calls her. Presently the humiliations and adventures of the uncrowned sovereigns are brought to an end by a volcanic eruption, which overwhelms them in streams of lava. Their disappearance, on the night of the first performance of the play, was considered so intensely dramatic that everybody in the theatre burst into tears, and Mmes. Danton and Camille Desmoulins embraced their husbands in their boxes, amidst the cheers of the excited mob.

As the Revolution diminishes in terror and common sense begins to assert itself again, we find the theatre modifying the nature of its performances. Thus *L'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires* is distinctly reactionary; but it did not appear until the 3rd of January, 1795. The author, Ducancé, was a clever man, and his piece contains some excellent speeches, well calculated to calm the passions of the people by appealing to their better feelings. The satire, too, is pungent, and the people experienced little difficulty in recognizing their late tyrants under classical aliases. In the fifth year of the Republic, 1796, an opéra-comique was produced at the Théâtre d'Emulation, which, in another form, has been revived in our time with prodigious success—*Madame Angot, ou la Poissarde Parvenue*, par M. C. Maillet. The author, whose real name was Eve, was born at Dôle in 1747, and was a deserter, who escaped into Holland, where he became well known as an actor. During the Revolution he returned to France, and joined the Convention of the Loiret. To do him justice, he always sided with the merciful, and several documents still exist which prove that he did his best to prevent the horrible massacres which stained the annals of the Convention of the Loiret. *Madame Angot* was the dramatic mother of a number of other pieces, which were more or less developments of the same idea—that of a woman of the people who has risen to power, and whose innate vulgarity is the main subject of satire. Thus we have *Madame Angot*; *Le Repentir de Madame Angot*; *Madame Angot, ou le Mariage de Nicolas*; *Madame Angot au sérail de Constantinople*; *Madame Angot au Malabar*; *Les Dernières Folies de Madame Angot*, and several other kindred pieces. The majority were given at the Ambigu-Comique and the Porte St.-Martin (*ci-devant Opéra*), and were by different authors, who elaborated on the original scheme supplied by Eve. In our day, M. Lecocq contrived to select the musical gems from all these pieces, and with a few embellishments and improved accompaniments, they have become world-popular; but there is scarce an air in the

modern opera which will not be found in one form or another in the numerous pieces above mentioned. With *Madame Angot* the Revolutionary period of the French stage ends, and a few years later the classical drama is revived under the Restoration and Napoleon I. If we err not, none of the popular successes of the Reign of Terror have ever been revived since.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 4 per cent., at which it had stood for four weeks, to 3½ per cent. As the Reserve exceeds 15 millions, being nearly 44 per cent. of the liabilities, and as the coin and bullion exceed 23½ millions, it is argued by most people in the City that the Directors ought to have put the rate down to 3 per cent.; but they had good reasons for acting as they have done. The foreign exchanges are unfavourable to this country. It is very probable that, if the rate of discount in the open market goes a little lower, gold will be withdrawn from the Bank for Berlin, and, although the Bank of France holds about 50½ millions sterling of the metal, it is not impossible that there may be withdrawals for Paris also. Besides, in the present state of the Argentine Republic, nobody can say what may happen. Numerous failures of serious character are constantly reported, and the premium on gold has been this week as high as 192 per cent. That is to say, the paper dollar has been really worth very little more than one-third of its nominal value. But, if there is an utter collapse, it is not unlikely that gold in large amounts may have to be sent to Buenos Ayres, although the metal is actually coming from that city at present. The Directors are rightly, therefore, desirous to prevent during the next few weeks a material fall in the rates of interest and discount. Before the month is out coin and notes will begin to flow out into the internal circulation in large amounts, and the outflow will continue through May. That of itself will reduce considerably the reserve of the Bank of England, and will tend to keep up rates. But if in the interval rates of interest and discount in London fall unduly, gold withdrawals on a large scale may begin. That would revive apprehension, and possibly might cause stringency next month, which would compel the Bank of England to take measures to protect its reserve. The recurrence of stringency so soon would further disturb trade, which, as pointed out in another column, has already suffered from the high rates throughout the autumn and winter, as well as the strikes and the rise in prices and wages. The joint-stock and private banks immediately reduced the rates they allow on deposits to 2 per cent., and the bill-brokers and discount-houses reduced the rates they allow to 1½ per cent. for money at call and 2 per cent. for money at notice. The rate of discount in the open market fell on Thursday morning to little more than 1⅓ per cent., and it might have fallen further, as the "other deposits" are large—that is to say, the unemployed money lying at the Bank of England at the disposal of the outside market. But German purchases of bar gold in the open market caused the rate to recover to 2 per cent. Even if the fall begins again, there is likely to be a quick reaction before the month is out.

The price of silver has recovered this week to 44½ d. per oz., the supply being small and the demand for India active. Most people now think that the United States Congress will pass a Silver Bill of some kind increasing the purchases of silver by the American Government; and this tends to strengthen the market. The text of Mr. Windom's Silver Bill, as amended by the Coinage Committee of the House of Representatives, has now been received. According to it, all silver bullion raised in the United States or smelted therein may be deposited in the Treasury, and the Secretary of the Treasury is to issue to the depositor notes of the market value of the bullion at the time of deposit. In order to prevent the deposit of foreign silver, Custom House officers are required to mark all imported bullion with a steel stamp "Foreign," and all persons who melt foreign coins are required to do the same, under penalty of a fine ranging from 100 to 1,000 dollars per bar of silver. But this does not apply to silver extracted by any metallurgical process in the United States from ores imported from foreign countries. As it is expected that the Bill will pass, it has somewhat strengthened the silver market.

The Stock Exchange has not retained the more hopeful feeling of last week. On Tuesday, indeed, there was an advance in some international securities, and a recovery in South African gold, diamond, and land shares. It had been announced from Cairo that Mr. Palmer and Tigrane Bey started on Monday for Paris to arrange with the French Government for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt. And it was assumed generally that the negotiations would be quickly and successfully carried through. Then, again, it was reported that all preparations have been made for converting the Turkish Priority Bonds. Those bonds, at the time of the compromise between the Turkish Government and its bondholders, were given by the Government to the Galata bankers in settlement of their claims upon it. They are a prior charge upon the revenues handed over to the bondholders, and they bear 5 per cent. interest. It is proposed now to convert them into 4 per cent. bonds. Lastly, it is understood that the French Government will, early next month,

[April 12, 1890.]

proceed to fund a large part of its floating debt. In Paris, therefore, the market was very hopeful, and the activity in Paris reacted upon other Bourses and Stock Exchanges. But on Wednesday discouragement set in, as the Paris press announced that the Government would not assent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt, and as, besides, it was reported that the Sultan was opposed to the conversion of the Priority Bonds. The real reason, however, of the change in the temper of the Stock Exchange was that nobody believes it possible to bring about a considerable rise in prices now. They are already very high, and the difficulties in Berlin are as great as ever. Besides, the retirement of Prince Bismarck has revived political uneasiness, and the news from Russia is not reassuring. The rumours that an attempt has been made to assassinate the Czar, the reports of wholesale arrests of students and naval and military officers, and also the rumours of massing of troops on the Austrian and Roumanian frontiers, are not calculated to strengthen the hope that peace will be maintained. Above all this, the crisis in the Argentine Republic grows acuter every day. The premium on gold has been as high this week as 192 per cent.—that is to say, 100 dollars in gold exchanged for 292 dollars in paper. It is evident that the paper-money is becoming utterly discredited, and it seems probable, therefore, that before very long people will refuse to accept it at all. Numerous and large failures are occurring weekly, and at any moment there may be an utter collapse. But financial houses, trust Companies, and syndicates in London, Paris, and Berlin hold large amounts of Argentine securities, and the crisis, therefore, is affecting very seriously their ability to manipulate the Bourses as they formerly did. It is remarkable, at the same time, that Cedulas have not fallen very seriously, though, of course, they gave way somewhat, and that the Argentine sterling loans are so exceedingly well held.

In home railway and miscellaneous securities there has been very little doing. Prices are much lower now, no doubt, than they were at this time last year, but they are still very high. The working expenses are heavier and are not likely to decrease, while, as is pointed out in another column, it seems clear that trade has received a check. The check may be only temporary, but it is sufficient to make operators doubt whether prices of all kinds of industrial securities are not already quite as high as the facts justify. In American railroad securities there is utter stagnation. For nearly a year European holders have been selling and Americans have been buying. Brokers and dealers state that on every settling day large amounts of securities are delivered by European holders and are immediately shipped to New York. And, consequently, it is said that the supply of American securities in London at present is smaller than it has been for many years past. Of itself this would seem to be an encouraging sign. It would appear to indicate that American operators are very confident as to the future, since they continue buying on so unusually large a scale. However that may be, the public in the United States seems to be as little inclined to buy as the European public, for business is nearly as stagnant in New York as it is here. Even the decision of the Supreme Court against the Railway Commissioners of Minnesota has not strengthened the market. The decision is one of the most important that has been rendered for many years. In one case the Commissioners ordered a railway Company to reduce a rate from 1½ dollar to a dollar. The matter was brought before the Supreme Court of the State, and the Company showed that the reduction would disable it from paying the interest upon its debt. The State Court, nevertheless, decided against the Company, which thereupon applied for an injunction to the Circuit Court of the United States, and from the Circuit Court the case was taken to the Supreme Court. Four judges were in favour of the Company, three holding that the matter was administrative, and not judicial. The majority decided that a State Legislature cannot compel a railway Company to make an unreasonable reduction in its rates, as that would be practically depriving the shareholders of their property, and consequently was in violation of the United States Constitution. Therefore, the Minnesota Act was declared unconstitutional. The decision, it would seem, stops the so-called Granger legislation against railways, and ought, therefore, greatly to benefit railroad shareholders; yet it has had little or no effect upon the market. The truth appears to be that the splendid harvest of last year has not had the beneficial effect upon trade, which was generally expected. Throughout the grain-growing States and Territories there is almost universal complaint that the farmers are in great distress. The President of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance, for example, states in a letter to the Kansas representatives in Congress that one firm in the State has contracts for no fewer than 1,800 foreclosures. At present prices, then, it is clear that American farmers cannot grow either wheat or Indian corn at a profit, and consequently have been running into debt. This explains why the railway Companies of the North-West and the South-West are competing so keenly with one another, and are constantly cutting rates, and it also explains why the New York market is so inactive.

REVIEWS.

LUX MUNDI, AND OTHER BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

"WE have written in this volume," says the editor of *Lux Mundi*, "not as guessers at truth, but as servants of the Catholic Creed and Church, aiming only at interpreting the faith we have received. On the other hand, we have written with the conviction that the epoch in which we live is one of profound transformation, intellectual and social, abounding in new needs, new points of view, new questions; and certain, therefore, to involve great changes in the outlying departments of theology, where it is linked on to other sciences, and to necessitate some general restatement of its claims and meaning. This is to say, that theology must take a new development." Development, however, is an ill-omened word, and, as this remarkable manifesto of the Keble school has caused a good deal of excitement, we shall, perhaps, help to secure a calmer hearing for Mr. Gore and his friends by pointing out that the development is in the main a return to the ways of ancient times when fathers of the church were not afraid of discussing questions of canonicity, and even in respect of doctrine spoke a language not quite the same as our own. Nevertheless, such attempts at what is sometimes called by the formidable name of "restitution" are rather perilous, and should be made with the greatest caution. In some points, and doubtless freshness and courage are two, the third century was superior to the nineteenth; in others, again, the experience of the Church is profounder, precisely because longer, than it was in the days of Origen. Now some of the writers of *Lux Mundi* go back to Origen, not only for their criticism, which is one thing, but for their analysis of the Christian life, which is quite another. In this latter respect they appear to represent a view, characteristic of certain ancient Fathers, that the really basic fact of the Gospel is not the Crucifixion but the Incarnation. But those Fathers, it should be added, regarded the importance of these two great mysteries as varying with the position of the hearer. For the unconverted the cardinal fact was Redemption, for the believer it was the Incarnation taken in connection with the Ascension. Now the Keble Eleven appear to neglect this distinction, and it may accordingly be said of them that they preach only to good people. Further, it may be thought that this mode of apprehension leads to a positive undervaluing of the Atonement. It is well known what Mr. Greg and hard common sense have to say about this doctrine. To people of this kind it is simply an ingenious device for "getting off." But to any one who reflects that an evildoer who amends his life is, as a matter of fact, "let off," it does not seem desirable to remodel a doctrine that makes this fact conceivable merely to satisfy the *mannes* of Mr. Greg. There are in this very volume some admirable remarks by Mr. Illingworth on the benefits of undeserved pain. And what he has said might have been put more strongly. It is possible to maintain that no spiritual good comes to man except through vicarious suffering—that is, through sympathy, which may and often does amount to agony. But Mr. Lyttelton makes no use of this great ethical law. To him the "true vicariousness of the Atonement consisted, not in the substitution of the

* *Lux Mundi: a Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation.* Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Oxford. London: John Murray. 1890.

The Epistle to the Hebrews. Greek Text, with Notes and Essays. By B. F. Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Psalms in Greek according to the Septuagint. By H. B. Swete, D.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1889.

The Ministry of Preaching. By Mgr. Félix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans. Translated by S. J. Eales, M.A., D.C.L. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1890.

Buddhism and Christianity. The Croall Lectures for 1889-90. By Archibald Scott, D.D., Minister of St. George's Parish, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

The Life of Valentin Alberti, D.D. Briefly sketched by R. C. Jenkins, M.A., Rector of Lyminge, Hon. Canon of Canterbury, and Hon. Curator of the Library of Lambeth Palace. London: David Nutt. 1889.

The Prophecies of Jeremiah. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Theology and Piety alike Free. Edited by R. D. Darbishire. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1890.

Athanasius: his Life and Life Work. By H. R. Reynolds, D.D., Fellow of Univ. Coll., London, Principal of Cheshunt Coll. London: Religious Tract Society. 1889.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew. By the Rev. A. Sloane, Head-Master of Birkenhead School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Imperfect Angel; and other Sermons. By T. G. Selby. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Selections from the Writings of Isaac Williams, B.D., formerly Fellow of Trin. Coll., Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

Reason, Revelation, and Faith. By Francis Peck, Author of "Social Wreckage" &c. London: Wm. Isbister, Ltd. 1890.

The Light of Reason. By S. S. Wynell-Mayow, Author of "Notes on Astronomy" &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Retrogression or Development. By F. Nevill, Author of "The Service of God." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1890.

Hold Fast your Sundays. By the Author of "Margaret's Choice" &c. New edition. London: "Home Words" Office.

Mary of Nazareth. Part III. By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.

The Mosaic Sacrifices in Lev. i.-viii. By the Rev. W. M. Rodwell. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Humanism. By W. A. Macdonald. London: Trübner & Co. 1890.

Saviour's punishment for ours, but in His offering the sacrifice which man had neither purity nor power to offer." Nor will he admit the "letting off" in any shape or form. "He bore the punishments, not that we might be freed from them, for we have deserved them, but that we might be enabled to bear them." In these words it does not need a microscope to detect the ideas of "self-acting punishments," of "purely reformatory punishments," which have been sufficiently exploded by Dr. Dale and Dr. Simon. The attitude of Religion to Science is dealt with by Canon Holland on "Faith," and Mr. Gore on "Inspiration." It is hard to know exactly what to say of Canon Holland. Playful, genial, dashing, circumambient, he comes on and off like a troop of light horse in a cloud of dust. Before the artillery can be planted he is miles away. Yet we must ask what it all means. "Faith is the sense of Sonship." Does it want any facts at all? "The result, the inevitable result, of such a Faith is the Dogmatic Creeds." Does the sense of Sonship evolve the Creed? "We can listen to anything which historical criticism has to tell us of dates and authorship, of time and place." Absolutely anything? But perhaps it is wrong to take Canon Holland too seriously; indeed, his cheery remarks about "clerical humbugs" seem to indicate that he does not take himself quite seriously. Mr. Gore's clear and accurate paper leaves no doubt as to the writer's meaning. He holds that science and criticism are to be regarded as the trusted handmaids of Theology; that the Gospel does not hang upon the historical exactness of the Old Testament; that the Church made the Bible; that the nature of Inspiration must be learned by reverent and accurate study of the inspired documents; that the result of such a study is to show that Inspiration has its own sphere, and does not of itself guarantee facts that lie outside that sphere. As to the New Testament, criticism has not shaken, and is not likely to shake, the Creed; as to the Old Testament, Wellhausen, supposing his conclusions to be sound, has nothing to say that need alarm a Christian man. The excitement caused by Mr. Gore's paper must be due, not so much to the principles enunciated, as to the boldness of their application. Perhaps he does not allow sufficiently for what Mr. Gladstone so plaintively calls "the bias of disintegration." But his paper is a manly and pious essay, a voice from those days when Christianity conquered the world, Gnostics and Agnostics alike, precisely because it was afraid of nothing. Even those who think that Mr. Gore is disposed to admit a great deal too much, will feel that there is less danger in his outspoken sincerity than in the sentimental haziness of some of his colleagues. Most of the papers in *Lux Mundi* call for no especial remark on the ground of novelty. It is needless to bestow more than a passing word of appreciation on Mr. Illingworth's, which has been glanced at above, on Canon Paget's and on Mr. Ottley's, the last on the much neglected subject of Christian Ethics. Mr. Moore's study of the Doctrine of God is a solid contribution to religious thought, and will intensify the universal feeling of regret for that truly philosophic teacher, so prematurely, as we judge it, transferred from his service here.

Those who are perplexed by Mr. Gore's paper would do well to study the essay "On the Use of the Old Testament," which forms the conclusion of Dr. Westcott's edition of the *Epistle to the Hebrews*:—"Difficulties of criticism press upon us now. It is well to be reminded that there have been times of trial at least as sharp as our own. . . . That New Voice on which the Apostle dwells in the letter was not heard without distressing doubts and fears and sad expectations of loss. . . . Perhaps the result of the most careful inquiry will be to bring the conviction that many problems of the highest interest as to the origin and relation of the constituent books are insoluble. But the student in any case . . . must not presumptuously stake the inspiration and the Divine authority of the Old Testament on any foregone conclusion as to the method and shape in which the records have come down to us." If the Church of England is to be worthy of her high mission she must grapple with all facts in clear confidence that no truth can lead her wrong. Dr. Westcott's book is one to be studied rather than praised. The range of knowledge, especially on the philological and dogmatic sides, could hardly be surpassed; it is in historic sense and method that Dr. Westcott forms a contrast to his great predecessor in the chair of St. Cuthbert. The work is built on the model of the ancient patristic commentaries. Scarcely a single modern writer is mentioned by name, disputed points appear only as questions that have occurred to the author's own mind, and the tone is uniformly devotional. The drawback to this method is that, unless the reader is so completely in harmony with the writer's manner that he can follow his thought from its very origin, he is apt to lose the definite instruction that many readers want. Dr. Westcott holds that the Epistle was written in Greek to a Hebrew community, probably settled at or near Jerusalem between A.D. 64 and A.D. 67. The place of writing must, he thinks, be left in complete uncertainty. Some will be of opinion that he underrates the Alexandrinism of an Epistle which he illustrates by constant references to Philo. Special attention should be called to the admirable Notes on Ransom, δαῦρη, τύρπταρος, θυνταστήριος, and the Body of Christ. The attentive reader will be struck by certain peculiarities that seem open to discussion—that "the temple, like the kingdom with which it was co-ordinate, was spiritually a sign of retrogression"; that "the Blood was the energy of Christ's true human life," and so is contrasted with the death of the Lord; that the veil was not the Lord's flesh. The well-known verse (x. 20) referred to in the last words Dr. Westcott translates "a way through the veil—

that is, a way consisting in His flesh, His true human nature"—on the ground that "the veil is here regarded as excluding from the Divine Presence and not as the door by which the Divine Presence was approached." These ideas call for careful examination. On the words "things which are seen were not made of things which do appear," Dr. Westcott remarks, "the Apostolic phrase expresses whatever truth is conveyed by" the dogma of creation from things that are not. "No purely physical explanation of the origin of the world is possible. Things that appear cannot give an explanation of the origin of the universe which we see." Indeed, the book abounds in bold sayings, which do not startle just because they are so calm and profound. It is the work of a Christian philosopher, and its careful perusal will show many a troubled spirit that the anchor does not hold less firmly because it goes deep.

Dr. Swete's edition of *The Psalms in Greek* forms part of the second volume of the *Greek Old Testament according to the Septuagint*, which is in the course of publication under the direction of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. It is published separately in a cheap and handy form, to meet the wants of those who may wish to possess a portable Greek text of the most widely-read book of the Old Testament. The text given is that of the Vatican, and, where this fails, that of the Sinaitic manuscript. Four other manuscripts have been employed in the notes—the Alexandrine, the *Psalterium Graeco-Latinum Veronense*, the "princely" *purpureum Turicense*, and the London papyrus fragments, purchased by Dr. Hogg in 1836 at Thebes, in Egypt, where they had been discovered among the rubbish of an ancient convent. The special value of Dr. Swete's work rests upon the employment of the last three authorities, which were unknown to Holmes and Parsons. Both text and notes have been revised by Dr. Nestle, of Ulm, who had made an independent collation of the Alexandrine and Turin (or Zurich) *codices* and of the London fragments.

When so eminent a preacher as Bishop Dupanloup undertakes to explain the secret of pulpit oratory, he is sure to have much to say that is worth hearing. French ways are not altogether our ways. There is a difference in the audience, and to that extent in the mode of attack. But the rules of rhetoric are, upon the whole, universal, and those on which the Bishop lays most stress are all admirable. His ideal is an extempore address, of moderate length, popular but never vulgar, opportune, vivacious, and set off by appropriate gesture. Every one of these points deserves study. Of the written sermon it is remarked that, while it delivers the preacher's mind, that mind may be miles away from the thoughts that are uppermost in the hearer. Hence it often fails to fulfil the great requirement of "keeping touch." Of vulgarity, a sin towards which there is a marked tendency in our own country, the Bishop observes, with perfect truth, "it would be a great mistake to suppose that workmen or peasants wish for this any more than townspeople." "The greatest of orators in ancient times, Demosthenes, was above all a popular orator. The people of Athens was for him the sole object, Demosthenes loved them and understood them so well." The art cannot be too consummate for even the plainest audience; but it must begin by getting hold, and it must end by lifting up that particular audience. "You always commence by agreeing with me," said Pope Alexander VIII. to Cardinal de Polignac, "and you finish by making me agree with you." Every detail is here worked out from the right point of view, with due regard to personal and occasional differences, and with a thorough comprehension of the subject. The last chapter, on "Practical Advice," abounds in valuable hints, largely taken from Fénelon. One is especially worthy of commendation to all young clergymen. That great master of religious eloquence held that the best school for the pulpit was catechizing. Dr. Eales has done good service in introducing this manual of preaching to English readers.

Dr. Scott's *Buddhism and Christianity* (Croall Lectures for 1889-90) is a modest but interesting development of the theoretical and working contrast between the two religions. The main defect of the book is that the contrast is pursued at too great length in each separate section. The result of this is that the Lectures resemble a pile of sandwiches, and the reader gets too much about Christianity, which he ought to know, and too little about Buddhism, which he probably does not know. Dr. Scott does not profess to have any original information to give, but has made good use of the best authorities. His account of the later history of Buddhism, its degradation in its original home, and its so-called reform in China and Japan, is clear and good. A small but doubtless enlightened body of Japanese enthusiasts are organizing a crusade for the rescue of the world from the snare of Christianity. They have got so far as to start a newspaper, *The Bijou of Asia*. Some extracts from this organ would have been interesting.

Valentin Alberti (born 1635, amidst the horrors of the Thirty Years' War; died 1697), Professor, and finally Rector Magnificus of Leipzig University, was a not inconspicuous figure among the polemical divines of the seventeenth century. A strenuous defender of what may be called High Church Lutheranism, he wielded his pen against the philosophic heresies of Puffendorf, Descartes, and Coceius, against the Romanism of Bossuet, and against the Pietism of Spener and the Philobiblical Society. His *Life* illustrates many interesting passages of controversy, and Canon Jenkins, a descendant of Alberti, has described it in a solid and scholarly way.

The new volume of the Expositor's Bible is a great improve-

ment on the last. Mr. Ball brings competent knowledge to his task, and supplies his readers with a useful running commentary on *The Prophecies of Jeremiah*, adding all necessary historical information, and keeping the peculiar kind of sermonizing characteristic of this series within due limits. The work is generally scholarly and accurate; but it is surely a little hasty to take Isaiah liii. as referring to the martyrdom of Jeremiah. At any rate, it is a very doubtful point. Mr. Ball writes the Ineffable Name Iahvh, but in two or three places gives it a different form—Iahweh. Perhaps it is by a similar slip of memory that he speaks (p. 176) of "different and competing versions of the Law" as current in the age of Jeremiah. On the preceding page he puts this merely as a possible (surely not probable) explanation of the prophet's complaint about "the lying pen of the scribes."

Theology and Piety alike Free is a collection of addresses on Unitarianism, partly intended to illustrate the history of Manchester New College, from its first appearance as the Manchester Academy, in 1786, to its invasion of Oxford in 1889, partly to explain the course of Unitarian theology during the last century. The publication is not official. Mr. Darbshire's friends show their freedom by objecting "partly to the spirit and partly to the form" of his book; and Mr. Darbshire shows his freedom by publishing nevertheless. Exception may not unreasonably be taken to the unmeaning boast implied in the constant usurpation of the adjective "free." It is a boast, because it casts a slur upon the vast majority of the Christian world, who prize truth quite as dearly as the Unitarians. And it is unmeaning. "Free Teaching and Free Learning" mean teaching and learning without fee, and in this sense the Unitarians do not possess them. Nor do they possess them in any other sense. What Mr. Darbshire and his friends mean by free teaching is teaching that is not bound to any affirmation whatever. But Mr. John James Tayler, in 1861, complains that Unitarian congregations are apt to "watch every fervent utterance of their preacher's soul with sectarian suspicion to find in it some lurking trace of heresy." Heresy, of course, means Christianity, or, if that term is objectionable, Orthodoxy. A Unitarian teacher who taught what St. Paul or St. John taught would find himself "free" in the sense of "discharged." It is to be regretted that Mr. Darbshire, instead of merely stitching together these disconnected papers, did not endeavour to give his readers some tolerably lucid idea of the general drift of Unitarianism. It seems to be a confused affair. The one test, apparently, is rejection of any Creed. Most of the Unitarian teachers deny the supernatural altogether, though they still admit the three initial miracles—God, the soul, and a revelation. But Mr. Wallace protests against "those anti-supernatural tendencies which have led some to divest Christianity of its miraculous character." We should have liked to be told exactly what these words mean. And all the writers or speakers who come before the reader of this volume seem to use the title "Christ," and to attribute to the Lord's teaching a certain "finality" or "objectivity." In phrases like these we are glad to recognize what Mr. Darbshire apologetically styles "the impress of what is popularly called orthodox faith." But these rags of which he is ashamed are just what enable us to sympathize with him, because we recognize in them the dilapidated remnants of a good coat that once belonged to our family. If any of our readers are curious to know why Manchester New College went to Oxford, they will find the answer in the modest prophecy of Mr. Upton:—"We may well expect that Oxford and Cambridge will cast off the lifeless branches now misnamed the study of Divinity." There is a certain crowing tone about these words that does not sound hopeful. Unitarians have a perfect right to go to Oxford if they please, and even to call their seminary a college. But over the gates of every University there is written *Aut discere aut discide: manet sors tertia cœdi.*

Dr. Reynolds's *Athanasius: his Life and Life Work*, is a popular biography of the great Alexandrian, and does not dive too deeply into the mysteries of theology. The book begins with a portrait of Athanasius "from an ancient Greek MS.," and ends by speaking of Mr. Gwatkin's learned conclusions as "endorsed by Archdeacon Farrar," but then it does not pretend to be critical.

Mr. Sloman's *St. Matthew*, giving the text of Westcott and Hort, with introduction, notes, and a good index, has all the marks of a useful school edition, and seems very suitable for fifth forms.

Mr. Selby's discourses, *The Imperfect Angel, and other Sermons*, are essays of the elegant but profound type, fitter for the magazine than the pulpit. The author has not kept in view the maxim of Fénelon:—"Il faut avoir du pain avant que de chercher des ragouts."

A very different type of book is *Selections from the Writings of Isaac Williams*. It contains, as the title indicates, selections, in some cases fragments, from the sermons and characters, and the poems. It abounds in beautiful thoughts, arising and expressed without an effort.

We have no space for more than a friendly notice of Mr. Peck's *Reason, Revelation, and Faith*. Part of it has already appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. It is not only not "presumptuous," but a thing greatly to be rejoiced over that "a layman engaged in active business" should give his brethren a reason of the faith that is in him, when he can do it so well as Mr. Peck.

We have received also *The Light of Reason*, by S. S. Wynell-Mayow; *Retrogression or Development*, another layman's protest against Agnosticism; *Hold Fast your Sundays*, a capital little

book for the Sunday School; *Mary of Nazareth*, a legendary and rather prosy poem, by Sir J. C. Barrow, Bart.; *The Mosaic Sacrifices, a commentary on Leviticus i-viii.*, by Mr. Rodwell; and *Humanism*, by Mr. W. A. Macdonald.

NOVELS.*

WHEN we say that the scene of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel—or "saga," as the author prefers to call it—is laid in blameless Iceland and the gallant little Isle of Man at the end of last century, readers will expect a tale of stern purposes and long endurance. And they will not be disappointed; for *The Bondman* is an exciting story of love and vengeance, told with considerable tragic power. Those who have read *The Deemster* know that Mr. Caine is thoroughly at home among the quaint Manxmen, and the present volumes show a similar acquaintance with the rugged land of snow and fire. The book opens with an Icelandic version of the scene at Duke Frederick's when Rosalind fell so many fathom deep in love. "Charles" Patriksen, the Irish champion wrestler, is throwing all comers and bragging to Heaven and earth in the approved fashion. But a stranger seaman, "Orlando" Orry, is found to tackle him; and "Rosalind" Rachel, the Governor's daughter, looks on with face of anguish, which relaxes into smiles when the champion's back is almost broken. Very shortly afterwards the Governor finds the pair locked in one another's arms; and thence follow for Rachel ejection from Government House and marriage with her low-born giant. Strong men are usually credited with a certain calm virtue; but if Mr. Samson, of Aquarium fame, had virtue, he assuredly had not calmness, and Orry, though endowed with tranquillity, is sadly destitute of morality. He deserts his Hyperion Rachel, and mates with a female satyr of the Isle of Man. A son is born to each wife, and Rachel on her deathbed adjures her boy Jason to take vengeance upon his father and half-brother. So Jason comes to the Isle of Man, and there falls in love with the girl who has promised herself to his brother, whence arises a conflict of love and hatred which is well wrought out. How Jason pursues his brother to Iceland, and how at length they meet unknown to one another, is told with much vigour of description and with many dramatic situations. Mr. Caine is, however, too much disposed to act the showman to his characters; he reminds us of Artemus Ward, he is constantly pausing to point out how striking are his situations and how terrible is the story which he has to tell. But his tale is strong enough to speak for itself. The principal characters are vividly drawn, and the savage earnestness of Jason, with its deep capacities of love and hate, is particularly impressive. Surely, however, the villainy of the six Fairbrothers is too large an order for one family outside of a fairy tale, even though their father is of a guileless simplicity and their sister a model of loving devotion. These six lusty blackmailers are worse than knaves, they are bores; they are like a gang of those poor but noble men who tramp the streets trying to earn an honest penny by making day hideous with their raucous voices. Mr. Caine's language is simple and massive, well befitting the subject-matter; and the book has for preface two Northern legends, and for epilogue an Arabian tradition, each alike picturesque and mystic, each a perfect gem, "and as for the meaning it's what you please."

Upon finishing Mrs. Macquoid's new novel, *Cosette*, we looked back again to the title-page, in the confident anticipation of finding the words "A Book for Girls." All the author's books are of the nature of milk rather than meat; but *Cosette* is so free from strong emotions, so mildly sentimental and at the same time so full of practical good sense, as to be eminently suited for leisure hours at Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies on Chiswick Mall. There is, however, no such notification upon the title-page, and the book must apparently be intended for men and women. Mrs. Macquoid has gone back to the country round Namur, where she has laid the scene of former novels; and it need hardly be said that she brings well before us the pleasant country and homely industrious life of Belgium. Small joy of her suitors had Cosette, the pretty little washerwoman of Dinant. For one was chef of an hotel in Namur, rich, portly, and "not yet fifty"; the other young and handsome, but without available assets, and an incarnation of selfish indolence. Cosette is a nice little thing, and excites enough interest to make us hope from page to page for the appearance of a more desirable lover. When it becomes evident that none such is forthcoming, the reader feels a dreadful wish stirring in the depths of his consciousness. He will not entertain it for a moment; he will not own its existence; he will crush it down, and force it from his heart. But in spite of him, it grows stronger and ever stronger, and at length stands confessed in all its shame and horror. *He wishes that Cosette may die.* Nothing but her death will satisfy him, and raise the book from the level of unsatisfactory commonplace;

* *The Bondman*. By Hall Caine. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

Cosette. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

A Lady Horsbreaker. By Mrs Conney. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1890.

Suspense. By Henry Seton Merriman. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

so that he eagerly scans the headings of the chapters for a hint of the approaching catastrophe. But it does not come. Cosette lives, and marries one of her admirers. The book is relieved by two characters, which are excellently drawn, and full of humour. Mme. Popot, laundress, aunt to Cosette, is an admirable portrait of the industrious Belgian housewife, fat and irascible, kindly and domineering, but always shrewd. Not less capital at first introduction is M. Anatole Pécaresse, chef, suitor to Cosette, the genial dandy, saturated with conceit and affection, and surrounded by adoring widows and spinsters. But his self-complacency is shattered by his love, and with it goes our interest. He should have been a subsidiary character, not a principal.

Mrs. Conney has found a striking title in *A Lady Horsebreaker*. But, after all, the profession of her heroine has not much to do with the story, and no great originality is attempted in dealing with the old old subject, that the course of true love may be compared to the Strand. The book is, however, brightly and amusingly written, and the author has certainly succeeded in awaking interest for her lovers. On first introduction to Mr. Archie Douglas, a popular ex-guardsman, "with clear-cut features and a pair of dangerously-expressive eyes," who is called "Charming" by his countless admirers, and is heir presumptive of one of the wealthiest peers in the kingdom, we feared that our "maiden fancies" were about to "wallow in the troughs" of Ouidaism. But this genial lady-killer turns out to be the evil-doer of the book, while the hero is Geoffrey Travers, V.C., a man with hardly a good feature in his face, and with a great sword-cut across one cheek. These two "at first were friends," and hunted together down in the Stonywold country. There the charming Archie falls in with Hester Duke, the prettiest, best bred, and most modest girl he has ever seen, who supports her mother by breaking horses for ladies. Archie promptly determines to break her heart; but she will have none of him, and falls in love with the high-minded but retiring Geoffrey Travers, who, somewhat to his own surprise, finds that he worships her. But Geoffrey is sent glory-hunting to India by Archie's false statement that the pretty horse-breaker is engaged to himself; and while he is there his lady-love is found to be heiress to a peerage and twelve thousand a year, in which splendour we are rather sorry to lose Hester, Tamer of Horses. From this change of identity ensue much doubt and heart-burning to the lovers. The straightforward and self-reliant, but very feminine, Hester is well drawn, and is a charming girl. Mrs. Conney shows considerable knowledge of her own sex, though sometimes seeming to the masculine mind, rather spiteful. Her descriptions of feline amenities are especially amusing. There are some good hunting scenes in the first volume, though it is rather amazing to read:—"Butcher-boy had no unpleasant reminiscences connected with water. In his anxiety to catch up the hindmost hound he rushed down to it, and took it lightly and easily in his stride." It is a little perplexing of General Conington to change his name from George to Jim in the fortnight between the second and third volumes; but, as he then moved from England to Scotland, he may have thought James more suitable for that country. There is padding in the book; as when we read that a house "had a door in the middle, a window on either side, and three windows in the story above"; but it is worked in easily and unobjectionably with a distinctly pleasing story. We could wish that, before publishing a book of Englishmen for Englishmen, Mrs. Conney had been warned by some kind friend that expressions such as "he don't," "it ain't," and "real glad" leave a rankling wound in cis-Atlantic literary sensibility.

The first volume of *Suspense* deals with the problem of the interment of a kindly old gentleman who has had the misfortune to fall into a trout stream; the second is devoted to the settlement of the affairs of the heroine's sister, who has run away from a drunken husband and is anxious to supply him with a case for the divorce court; the third leads to the conclusion that life is a puzzle, and that, if the hero and heroine would only have plighted their troth at the beginning of the first volume, it would have been far more satisfactory for all persons concerned, including the reader, and probably the author. Though the book consists almost entirely of introspective conversation and reflections thereupon, all is but like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon, and the motives remain hopelessly unintelligible to the end. It is, indeed, a strange pair to whom we are introduced on the deck of a yacht lying in a Norwegian fjord. The girl—or little maiden as the author prefers to call her—suffered from "the curse, the bitter sorrow of a superior intellect placed within a woman's brain"; she was a victim of over-education, and "her estimate of human existence at the age of nineteen was truer and deeper than that of her grandmother at the age of ninety." After this it is hardly necessary to add that "her small and beautiful person was adorned with a simple severity which was almost defiant," and that "she was pleased to ignore the possession of the daintiest little feet ever shod by Pinet." The man had "the brow of an angel and the mouth of Napoleon," eyes that possessed "a strange unreflective power of observation," a face that was a triumph of inscrutability, and a power of completely ignoring the emotions. These two try to exchange remarks about each other's characters; but, as a rule, their tongues cannot utter the thoughts that arise in them, and, if they speak, there is a catch in their voices. More usually they confine themselves to vague looks and dull vacant expressions; the very atmosphere is tense with their silence; they sit through several painful moments without motion. What we

presume to be the check in the voice is represented by three or four dots, and these sometimes strew the pages thick as the salmon that made the river stiff. As thus:—"Yes, Brenda, it . . . is . . . war!"; and "But . . . I feel . . . somehow . . . as if something were going to happen." In the narrative we meet with some fearful and wonderful expressions, such as "pedal attire," "succulent products of Yarmouth," "a homeopathic breakfast" (naturally Mr. Merriman's characters eat very little food, and when their meals are not homeopathic they are generally a farce). A P. & O. captain thus delivers himself to the runaway wife:—"The jealousy of a young girl is dangerous; but the repelled patronage of an older woman, bristling with the consciousness of her own wearisome irreproachability, is infinitely more to be feared." If the worthy sailor couched his orders in the same style we should be sorry to be under his charge during a gale in the Bay of Biscay. But Mr. Merriman's forte is sermonizing. "My brothers," he cries, or "Ah! my sister, 'tis a bad world"; "we as a race are an utter failure"; life can only be expressed as "a note of interrogation, the largest at the compositor's command" (and he has it printed for us, too). And while he anatomizes human nature he also delights in laying bare to us his own thoughts and feelings. We read that he does not object to pouring out his own coffee, and that he is rendered grave by the smell of tar. He even makes playful allusions to his female relatives; and as he has told his readers we are entitled to tell ours, that the best woman he knows has never seen an examination paper in her life, and is invariably late for breakfast. Never was a novelist on terms of such affectionate familiarity with his readers, and for the author's sake we can only hope that this is not another illustration of the proverb that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

DICIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOLS. XX.-XXI.*

IN this twentieth volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the most important article of "recent" interest is that by Mr. T. Humphry Ward on the late W. E. Forster. It is no easy task, in a work where political partisanship would be out of place, to write the biography of a statesman of our own day who died in the midst of a struggle not yet decided. Restraint being a necessity of the situation, it will, we think, be generally admitted that Mr. Ward has acquitted himself well of his task. In the fast-spreading degradation of English politics and English politicians, the mental eye turns regretfully to the manly figure of Forster as a specimen of what Liberalism could produce in its earlier and nobler days.

Other articles of contemporary interest are those on Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, by Mr. L. A. Hamilton, and on Sir Bartle Frere, by Professor Douglas. Going back to the days when George III. was king, we notice the article by the editor on Sir Philip Francis, "reputed author of 'Junius's Letters,'" and probably rightly so reputed. Charles James Fox receives seventeen pages—the longest article, we think, in the volume—from Mr. Hunt, who winds up with a good summary of his subject's character as a statesman. It is curious to note that in 1801 Fox thought that the House of Commons would cease to be a place of much importance. Mr. Hunt cites this as one of the instances of Fox's "want of political insight." But it probably expressed rather the irritation of a *frondeur* than the deliberate judgment of a political philosopher.

Among the remaining thirty-three bearers of the name of Fox or Foxe we must not pass over the founder of the noble houses of Ilchester and Holland, the ever-green nonagenarian, Sir Stephen Fox, who at the age of twenty supervised the Ordnance Board during the Civil War campaign of 1651; who, half a century later, led the Commons in procession at the Coronation of Queen Anne; who, "being of a vegete and hale constitution," remarried at the age of seventy-six, became the father of the first Lord Ilchester and the first Lord Holland, and, posthumously, the grandfather of Charles James Fox, and lived to see the reign of George I. Sir Stephen, who got his knighthood in 1665, was a staunch Royalist, but did not, like some less lucky Cavaliers, serve for nought. He held—of course not till the King enjoyed his own again—places of enormous profit. His friend Evelyn recorded of him in 1680, "he is believed to be worth at least 200,000/- honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle." He made, his present biographer (Mr. Gordon Goodwin) oddly writes, "an intelligible [query, intelligent] use of his riches." Moreover, it was he, and not, as popular legend has it, Nell Gwyn, who put it into Charles II.'s head to found Chelsea Hospital, to which Sir Stephen contributed above 13,000/. It must be added to his honour that under James II. he refused a peerage at the price of turning Papist. The veteran placeman's second surviving son became the first Lord Holland, best remembered on his own account by Gray's cutting stanzas ("Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend"), and as the affectionate but not edifying father who supplied the schoolboy Charles Fox with money to stake at the Spa gaming-table. We observe that Mr. Hunt, following the *Memorials* edited by Lord Russell, gives the name of Fox's mother as "Lady Caroline Georgina," while the biographers of

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XX. Forrest—Garner. Vol. XXI. Garnett—Gloucester. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889, 1890.

[April 12, 1890.]

Lord Holland and of General Fox agree in styling her "Lady Georgiana Caroline." However, as even "Peerages" vary on the question of Georgina or Georgiana, certainty is not perhaps attainable. Mr. Round is the contributor of the biographies of the first and the third Lords Holland, and of the imperious lady of Holland House, whose social tyranny provoked Lord Melbourne, less docile than the literary *habitués*, to get up from table with "I'll be d—d if I dine with you at all."

George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, finds a biographer in the Rev. Alexander Gordon, who, on several points, contests the accuracy of the ordinary conception of "the Man in Leather breeches," a conception mainly due to Macaulay's lively and scoffing description. The biographer owns that George Fox's writings are "amorphous," but cites Professor Huxley's recent observation that there are in them passages of great beauty and power. "Too much has been made of his peculiarities of dress." At any rate, there is no foundation for "Carlyle's rhapsody" in *Sartor Resartus*, which proceeds on the assumption that Fox stitched his "perennial suit of leather" with his own hands. Mr. S. L. Lee gives an interesting account of Foxe, the martyrologist (who wrote himself indifferently with or without the e). For Foxe's historical trustworthiness even a biographer cannot in these days say much. He was "appallingly industrious," but "neither scrupulous nor scholarly." William Johnson Fox, a sort of heterodox Unitarian divine, and one of the luminaries of Liberalism in Anti-Corn-Law days, receives a highly "appreciative" notice from Mr. Garnett. We are more in sympathy with the same biographer in his pleasant little notice of Caroline Fox, the diarist. "Every line of her diary," he observes, "indicates the gentle, spiritual, and at the same time intellectual and accomplished woman, and it will always be valued as a highly important illustration of the most characteristic thought of the Victorian era." Professor Blaikie supplies an interesting article upon Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer; and Mr. Bullen tells of a female celebrity upon whom Mrs. Fry might with advantage have tried her hand had they been contemporaries—Mary Frith, commonly known as Moll Cutpurse, the original of "the Roaring Girl" of Middleton and Dekker's comedy. Authentic biography fails to reveal in the real Moll Cutpurse any of the attractive features of the wild but good-hearted Amazon of the play. The article on Alexander John Forsyth, minister of Belhelvie, in Aberdeenshire, and inventor of the percussion lock, deserves notice as a pathetic chapter in the usually melancholy history of inventors. After having patriotically refused 20,000*l.* offered by Napoleon for his secret, after years of neglect at home, Forsyth's friends obtained for him a small pension. "On the morning that the first instalment of the long-delayed pension arrived (11 June, 1843), Forsyth was found dead in his study chair." Before leaving the F's we may remark that the statement that the Chartist Frost and his associates in 1840 "were sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered" may be misleading. That popular summary of the sentence for high treason is generally, we take it, supposed to include the revolting inflictions which were abolished in 1814, five-and-twenty years before Frost's trial. The words "hung" and "drawn" should be transposed, so as to show that drawing on a hurdle to the place of execution is meant. This was still part of the formal sentence in Frost's day and until 1870.

We have little space left to notice any of the names under G, of which Bishop Gardiner (by Mr. Bass Mullinger) and Gainsborough (by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse) are about the most important.

A solid slice—about fifty-eight pages—of the twenty-first volume is given to the "Four Georges." In the competent hands of Professor A. W. Ward, King George I. appears more than the mere figure-head in politics which it has been the fashion to consider him. That he was singularly wanting in royal graces and domestic tendernesses; that he had a "stolid infatuation" for mistresses who, to English eyes at least, had not even the redeeming virtue of beauty; that he showed a "cynical laxity towards the processes by which some of his German officials, courtiers, and servants sought to improve their opportunities"—all these things are admitted. But he was a man without fear, without vindictiveness; "he was, unlike the Stuarts, rarely unmindful of services rendered to him"; and he rendered more than merely negative services to our country.

The second George, though he had, like his father before him, the courage of a soldier, lacked his father's stolid fearlessness under all circumstances. "In political crises at home," says his biographer, Mr. J. M. Rigg, "he was unmistakably timid. . . His continental policy lacked grasp and steadiness, and consisted, in fact, of mere series of temporary shifts. He was inordinately fond of money. . . He gave little in charity, and the only present Walpole ever had from him was a diamond with a flaw in it." On the other hand, "he was totally incapable of any sort of dissimulation, or even simulation; honourable also, except when spite or avarice intervened, loyal to his allies, and an exact observer of his pledged word." His grandson, George III., receives a full and fair notice from Mr. Hunt. Historical scandal-mongers may observe that the Hannah Lightfoot story is dismissed as worthless. A more sustainable charge against King George is that he said that Shakespeare wrote much "sad stuff." This Mr. Hunt repeats with the usual implication of literary bad taste in the Royal utterer. Now it has always seemed to us that Fanny Burney's report of the conversation plainly shows that by "sad stuff" the King meant matter offensive to modern decorum.

He thought, in short, that Shakespeare wanted Bowdlerizing—a point of practical morals rather than of literature. However, this is a small matter in an article studiously fair towards the King, who, as the embodiment of the ideal British Philistine, has suffered unduly of late years from the slashing onslaught of J. R. Green. As to his son and successor, few probably will contest the judgment of the biographer (Mr. J. A. Hamilton):—"There have been more wicked kings in English history, but none so unredeemed by any signal greatness or virtue."

The "Four Georges" are followed by their namesake of Denmark, who Professor A. W. Ward thinks has been overmuch laughed at. The Prince "seems to have taken an intelligent interest in navigation and in the sciences connected with it," and "he liberally promoted the publication of Flamsteed's important astronomical work."

The editor gives us an excellent article of not quite seven pages upon Gibbon. In addition to its other merits, it contains the delightful story of the Duke of Gloucester, who, on accepting the second or third volume of *The Decline and Fall*, affably observed, "Another damned thick book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh, Mr. Gibbon?" About eleven pages are given to Garrick by Mr. Joseph Knight—an interesting article, but at times somewhat diffuse, and yet in one instance too allusive. To mention Garrick's "offer to Clarendon in her fight against the ministry and the court of France," without revealing the nature of "his offer" or "her fight," and without any definite reference, is not helpful to the inquirer. Gillray the caricaturist and the poet Gay are pleasantly treated of by Mr. Austin Dobson, who shows that Pope's complaint, "Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends," was hardly called for, Gay leaving at his death "a very fair fortune acquired by his pen, which, but for his own imprudence, might have been at least half as much again." Gaveston (by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson), Geoffrey of Monmouth (by Mr. Tedder), Geoffrey of York (by Miss Kate Norgate), Gervase of Canterbury (by Mr. R. L. Poole), and his namesake of Tilbury (by Mr. Hunt), Giraldus (by Dr. Luard), and Glanville of legal fame (by Professor Maitland), are good specimens of the articles on mediæval subjects. To these we may add the biography (by Mr. Rigg) of Chief Justice Gascoigne, and that by Professor Tout on Owen Glendower, whose history has never before, we believe, been so thoroughly gone into. One point of interest is, that Owen seems to have been esquire, not, as is usually stated, to King Richard II., but to Henry of Lancaster, the future Henry IV., in whose side he was destined to be so formidable a thorn. Passing on to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we note Mr. Thompson Cooper's account of the Jesuit Garnett, of Gunpowder Plot fame; the article upon Bishop Gauden by the Rev. Richard Hooper, who evidently considers that the weight of evidence is in favour of Gauden's authorship of the *Eἰκὼν Βασιλεύς*; the biography of Alberto Gentili, "one of the earliest systematic writers upon international law" (by Professor Holland); that of the navigator Sir Humphrey Gilbert (by Mr. Coote); and Canon Perry's account of Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North." The article upon Ginkel (by Mr. Dunlop) is an interesting piece of military biography; and so, in another way, is that by Mr. Chichester upon Lord George Sackville (Germain), who came to such signal grief for his misbehaviour at the battle of Minden. The most probable explanation of his inaction on that occasion is that he simply "took stunts," as the Yorkshire phrase has it—a case of sheer sulkiness, not of cowardice. Among biographies of recent interest we notice that of the late Chaplain-General G. R. Gleig (by Mr. Barnett Smith).

Womankind is well represented in this volume. Professor Ward supplies a charming account of the novelist Mrs. Gaskell. It is true, as he says, that her *Cranford* secured a literary immortality to the little Cheshire town—not so little now—of Knutsford; but we have heard that the Knutsford folk were at first anything but gratified by their immortality. Then there are, among others, Mrs. Gatty (by Mr. Boase); poor Elizabeth Gaunt, who enjoys the melancholy distinction of being "the last woman executed in England for a political offence" (by Miss Bradley); the somewhat mythical Jenny Geddes (by Mr. Gordon Goodwin); Ann Gilbert, née Taylor, author of "I thank the goodness and the grace" (by Mr. Cannan); and the worthy Mrs. Glasse (by the Rev. Ronald Bayne). Research into the *Art of Cookery* fails to reveal the weighty utterance "First catch your hare." The nearest approach to it is in the comparatively uninteresting direction, "Take your hare when it is cased." Probably the current joke grew out of a confusion of *cased* (skinned) with *chased*.

It sounds ungracious to wind up by wishing that there were less of the work. And yet the number of volumes—twenty-one already—is a serious consideration, especially taking into account the middle-class architect's ideas of the amount of space sufficient for a library. On the whole, the articles in the present volume have been fairly kept within bounds. But still, as Wordsworth is an accessible author, it would perhaps have been enough to mention that that poet "encouraged" Robert Pearce Gillies "in his early pecuniary difficulties in a sonnet," and to give the reference, without expending space by quoting the first four lines. And, if they were to be quoted, it would have been well not to print "the gates of youth" when Wordsworth wrote "the *gates* of youth." Similarly, a reference to a passage in Byron's Diary mentioning Gillies would have been enough without an extract. And we suspect

that we should not have heard quite so much, or in such a tone of gasping admiration, about Sir John Gladstone (originally Gladstones) of Liverpool if he had not been the father of an illustrious statesman still with us.

RUPERT OF THE RHINE.*

WE shall not have very much to say of Lord Ronald Gower himself in relation to this little book. He has very honestly confessed that he has not done much more than summarize Eliot Warburton's work for those who find it too big, and he has not attempted to argue independently at any length even the most tempting and dubious point of his hero's career, the astonishing surrender of Bristol. But he has given a fluent and pleasant summary, and has adorned it with excellent heliogravures of three portraits of the Prince at different times of life. In his general tone he has perhaps endeavoured too much to "make things pleasant all round"; and we certainly cannot compliment him on any very intimate knowledge of the facts of the Great Rebellion. To say that the war was a war "between the classes and the masses," the former being on the Royalist side, is not only a misuse of language (for the fortunate England of those days contained neither "classes" nor "masses"), but quite wrong in what it endeavours to suggest. If not an actual majority, at any rate a very strong minority, of the aristocracy were—at first, at any rate—opposed to the King; and, so far were the "masses," or what answered to them, from being Parliamentarian, that, out of London, a very few large towns, a small part of Lancashire, and some of the Eastern counties, they were either notoriously Royalist or, as the "Clubmen" of the West showed, disposed to say "A plague on both your houses!" There is, however, so little historical pretension about Lord Ronald that we need not make extensive historical demands on him.

If, as a biographer, he has not succeeded in making his man live before us, he has in that respect only shared the fate of all his predecessors. Even Mr. Carlyle, who could usually make any dry bone live when he chose, could not picture Rupert in any more novel or human fashion than as the usual "thunderbolt of war," dashing out of and passing into a cloud. With almost every qualification of a hero of romance, the Prince remains shadowy as a person. He was extraordinarily handsome, even for that age of heroic presences and heroic presentations by art. From his earliest childhood his career was rather that of Esplandian or Palomydes than that of an authentic colonel and general of cavalry in an age when there were already newspapers, and when you could send letters by post. He must needs even be born in romantic circumstances during the impossible adventure of the "Winter King" and his queen at Prague. He escaped, by the barest chance, death or captivity as a mere child. At eighteen he at least shared the command of as hare-brained an expedition as ever started from Camelot or Albracca, the attempt to wrest the Palatinate from the clutches of the Holy Roman Empire with three regiments of mounted volunteers. He was three-and-twenty when the rebellion against his uncle broke out in England, and then, as every one knows, he led for four years the kind of life that any generous schoolboy dreams of. Blamed as he has been for his reckless charges, it is only fair to remember that no very different kind of tactics at the very same time earned for Condé, in fighting against the best and steadiest troops in Europe, the reputation of the greatest European general. Rocroi was won almost exactly as Naseby was lost within the same lustrum. Lord Ronald is quite right when he says that no outrage or savagery tarnishes Rupert's name; indeed, the severest thing he did was his stern and swift reprisal on Essex for hanging prisoners, and this had much to do with the general humanity which, till the Parliamentarians got the upper hand, characterized the war. Bristol, indeed, was a bad business, and though Lord Ronald decidedly runs away from the discussion, we fear there can be little doubt that pique at the intrigues against Rupert, which were, no doubt, going on at Court, had far too much to do with the matter. But Bristol stood alone. Then when it seemed that his career was closed, or would sink into that of an ordinary paid soldier of fortune in the service of France, or Spain, or the Empire, the reversion of a part of the English fleet to the King opened a new one. Lord Ronald might, we think, have made more of this episode of the Prince as an *écueilleur de mer*, which has been rather unkindly treated by some naval writers, including, perhaps, even Mr. Hannay, in his admirable *Blake*. If it was not extremely glorious, it was adventurous almost in the highest degree. The escapes through far superior forces (it must be remembered that Rupert was hopelessly outnumbered throughout) from Kinsale and the Tagus, the wreck-scene at the Azores out of which Mr. Palgrave has made the best of his *Visions of England*, and the vanishing of Prince Maurice give "epic material" enough. Even the complete failure of this cruise did not close the Prince's active life, as he had more than his share of fighting long afterwards in the Anglo-Dutch wars. And then with it all we have in this Sir Rupert *le cœur hardy*, this swashbuckler by land and sea, a delicate artist and a man of science of unusual ingenuity.

And yet we know practically nothing of him. Clarendon, with

half the trouble he spent on Grandison or Grenvil, might have told us almost everything; but he would not, or dared not. Nobody else apparently could or cared to. The Prince's own letters—numerous enough—tell little or nothing, and his very actions have a touch of the inscrutable. A knight-errant and a man of science, a corsair and a mezzotint-engraver, his undoubted qualifications give a far more tempting subject than the rather exaggerated and supposititious traits of Buckingham which tempted two great poets. Yet nobody took the opportunity then, and nobody can get at it now. Either there must have been a most singular conspiracy of silence, or Rupert must have been one of those persons—rare but not unknown—who with great strength have little *quality* of character, and with eminent mental and physical abilities suffer from a certain insignificance of soul.

MADAME DU NOYER.*

IT is astonishing that any one should deliberately sit down to translate and edit so large a book with so very little care and preparation as has been bestowed by Miss Layard on the task she has undertaken. She writes a preface to the *Letters of Madame du Noyer*, in which she talks a great deal of the accuracy of her notes, and of the information, which has been "most carefully sifted and compared"; yet, when we come to examine this "information," which is copiously scattered through the work, we find that it has almost invariably been gleaned from second-hand compilations, and is very frequently quite wrong. Often it is completely contradicted by a note in another part of the work. Had we wanted any assurance that Miss Layard had preferred Townsend's *Manual of Dates*, Jeremy Collier's *Historical Dictionary*, and A'Beckett's *Universal Biography* to such contemporary authorities as Saint-Simon, Mme. d'Aulnoy, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, Mme. de la Fare (niece of Mme. de Maintenon), Bussy Rabutin, and a dozen more, we have it in her statement in p. 9 of her preface that the Court French of the reign of Louis XIV. is "almost obsolete" and often "quite unintelligible." A person who makes that statement can scarcely have read a line of La Grande Mademoiselle, of Mme. de Motteville, of Mme. de Sévigné, of Molière or of Racine, or of any single book that would qualify her to edit French letters of two hundred years ago. Then as to the Letters themselves. Miss Layard never tells us the date of the "curious old edition" from which her translation was made, or the year in which the book in its "original French form" was brought out in Paris, Cologne, and Amsterdam. She does not even say anything about "the Huguenot publisher, Jean Nourse, of London," who produced the edition from which she worked that might lead book-lovers to discover something further about the Letters. Except that we know that Mme. du Noyer really did exist and did write letters, we should fancy the whole collection as bogus, though not as interesting, as the delightful Memoirs of Mme. de Créqui. The correspondence between Mme. du Noyer and her nameless friend reminds the reader of the *Arabian Nights* far more than of any French letters we may happen to know. One lady is always trying to outdo the other in the matter of stories, which in each case are very long-winded and wholly lacking in the grace of style for which the "obsolete and unintelligible" letters and Memoirs of Mme. de Sévigné and Mme. Aulnoy are remarkable. For this, however, the translator may be in part responsible, but there is no denying that the Letters are dull. Mme. du Noyer writes from the South of France, Avignon, Montpellier, Orange, and such places, to her friend in Paris, alludes lightly to the beauty of the climate or of the women, and relates lengthy histories of the people she meets. The friend writes from Paris, and tells her—at equal length—some of the gossip of the day; but between their manner of writing and the wit of their contemporaries there is all the difference between the scandal of a modern Society paper and the same sort of thing as told by Saint-Simon. Mme. du Noyer says nothing of her own adventurous life—a life which Miss Layard holds to be spotless, but which other writers think much the reverse; her letters all date from a later period. In her youth she and her aunt had to fly on account of the religious persecutions from Provence to Holland, thence to England, and through Germany and Switzerland back to France, where Mme. du Noyer married. After many years she returned to England again; but this time it was from domestic and not from ecclesiastical tyranny that she was seeking a refuge. It was about 1716, at the Hague, that she made acquaintance with Voltaire—an acquaintance which resulted in her daughter's ruin and in the young man's being sent home to his father, whom Miss Layard describes as "old Monsieur de Voltaire," a title under which few people will recognize the notary Arouet! Mme. du Noyer always likes the English, though she is surprised at their fondness for chocolate (a taste which, by the way, they shared with Philippe d'Orléans); for, as Miss Layard remarks (p. 42 of the introduction), "tea does not seem to have come into fashion until 'good Queen Anne' and 'her dear Mrs. Masham' (the strong-minded Duchess of Marlborough) had hob-nobbed over their Court-gossip and dishes of tea." It is evident that it is not only French history that Miss Layard does not know, or she would have been aware

* *Rupert of the Rhine*. By Lord Ronald Gower. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

* *Letters of Madame du Noyer*, 2 vols. Translated and edited by Florence Layard. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

that "Mrs. Masham" was the married name of Abigail Hill, and not the nickname of her connexion, the Duchess of Marlborough, which was Mrs. Morley.

As we have said, the notes to the text of the Letters are for the most part either quite superfluous or wholly inaccurate. What, for instance, is the use of giving the history of Hadrian, of Alaric, of the Magi, or Galen, because they are referred to casually in the text; or of describing the situation of Béziers, Nîmes, Ryswick, or Compiègne? Every one who has learnt any geography will know these facts approximately, and those who do not will be hopeless to teach or interest. However, as long as the geographical details are correct, it is simply a question of the author's pleasure in appending them; but when she professes to give information to elucidate the Letters, and this information is confused or wrong, it is quite another matter. For instance, in vol. i. p. 19 of the text the word "Monseigneur" calls forth a note quoted from A'Beckett's *Universal Biography*, that the Prince de Conti was the son of "Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, natural son of Henry IV." Now, to begin with, "Monseigneur" was the title always given to the Dauphin, and did not refer to the Prince de Conti at all; as Miss Layard might have seen had she continued to read the passage, which stands thus:—"Monseigneur and the Princesse de Conti keep to themselves; the Dauphine is a glutton." Monseigneur was the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., and the Princesse de Conti was his half-sister, Mlle. de Blois, daughter of Louise de la Vallière, which makes it natural that they should be mentioned together. Then Armand, Prince de Conti, was *not* "the natural son of Henry IV.," but the son of Henry II., Prince de Condé, and of Charlotte de Montmorency, for whom Henry IV. conceived such a violent passion that her husband hastily removed her to Brussels—a fact which Miss Layard *herself* gives in the note on vol. i. p. 204, thus contradicting her favourite authority. Again, in the note on vol. i. p. 24, she says that Mme. du Rhut is supposed to have written the spurious Memoirs of Marie Mancini, la Connétable Colonna, while further on, in p. 64, she interpolates in the text after Mme. du Noyer's remark that Mme. du Rhut had written the memoirs of Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, the words in brackets (*spurious, Trans.*) Indeed she is exceedingly hazy all through about Mazarin's nieces. She observes in a note on p. 64 that Louis XIV. had been in love with both Marie and Hortense Mancini in succession. Now any one who has read the contemporary Memoirs is well aware that it was Marie and Olympe (Comtesse de Soissons) that Louis XIV. was in love with. Hortense was only a little girl at the time, and he took no notice of her. Then, on vol. i. p. 57, the anonymous friend states in a letter from Paris that one of the signs by which people inferred the marriage of Louis XIV. to Mme. de Maintenon was her "open intimacy with Monseigneur and with the Princesse de Conti"; thereupon Miss Layard appends a note to say that François Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, was "brother of the Prince de Condé (see note i. p. 18)" (the note above quoted by us), and that his wife was "daughter of Mme. Mancini." This small note contains no less than four mistakes. First, the "wife" referred to was *not* a Mancini, but Anne Marie Martinozzi, daughter of another sister of Cardinal Mazarin; secondly, her husband's name was Armand, and he died in 1666, three years after Mme. du Noyer was born; thirdly, François Louis, Prince de Conti, was the younger son of Anne Marie Martinozzi, and not her husband; and, fourthly, he was not brother of any Prince de Condé, but was nephew of one and son-in-law of another. On p. 38 Miss Layard says that Mlle. de Montpensier had "allied herself to the party of the Duc de Condé." There was no such person. There was a Prince de Condé and a Duc de Bourbon, generally referred to as "M. le Duc." And below she avers that Mademoiselle "had set her heart on marrying Charles II., King of England; but he refused the alliance, and in pique she married Anthoine (sic), Duc de Lauzun." It is well known that she refused nearly every monarch in Europe in the hope of marrying her cousin, Louis XIV., who was eleven years her junior. Two pages later Miss Layard adds a note to the effect that William III. was "the son of William II., Prince of Orange, by the Princess Henrietta Maria Stuart, eldest daughter of Charles I.;" and this note is allowed to stand, even though on p. 221 the facts are given correctly. It is curious to learn (vol. i. p. 177, note) that August the Strong only "left one legitimate son, and one illegitimate son," and likewise to have Queen Anne's children reduced to six (vol. ii. p. 197). What became of the other eleven? The Duc de Vendôme alluded to in vol. ii. p. 239 was great-grandson, not grandson, of Henry IV.; and his mother was Laure Martinozzi, not a Mancini.

These are a few of the most glaring mistakes which will occur to any student of French memoirs on reading the notes to Mme. du Noyer's Letters. Had they been suffered to stand alone, they would only have been rather a dull collection of murders and old stories, with all the sparkle gone out of them; but Miss Layard's preface and her parade of accuracy when she tells us that her information has been "most carefully sifted and compared, and may in every instance be relied on as absolutely trustworthy," cannot be suffered to go unchallenged. The notes are as bad as notes can be, and the misstatements in many instances so obvious that even the most superficial student of history or the most cursory reader will be able to detect them.

IRISH POPULAR TALES.*

IN spite of his politics, which may readily be guessed at from his name and nation, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, from the State of Washington, has written a perfectly delightful book of Irish popular tales. Mr. Curtin came over to Ireland with two purposes, the second of which was to collect native traditions. The first may have been all that is most "patriotic"; we candidly admit that we do not care, so admirably has the second been fulfilled. Mr. Curtin has done a really good deed for Ireland, her native speech, her surviving popular romance, in collecting and translating these charming stories. It is not very much to our national credit that an American, Professor Child, is making far the best edition of our ballads. Nor is it very much to the credit of Ireland that an American has made much the most interesting collection of her old popular tales. "Erin go bragh" is all very well; but Erin might "go" her own fireside traditions is better.

Mr. Curtin's introduction is well worth study, and we shall not say a word about its political complexion. He got the stories at first-hand in the Gaelic in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal. Though given in the Gaelic, many of the stories are rich in Anglo-Irish idioms, whether this is the inevitable result of literal translation or not. Mr. Curtin says that he has never found a story in the possession of a man or woman who knew only English. He must have been unlucky. Some of the stories are published in that pleasant chap-book, *The Hibernian Tales*, which Mr. Thackeray brought into general English knowledge. The Cyclops episode from "The Black Thief" (*Hibernian Tales*) is repeated here. In Scotland several of the stories are no less extant in Scotch than in Gaelic. Probably the same thing occurs in Ireland, though Mr. Curtin did not find it so in his experience. Mr. Curtin observes, and here we cannot follow him, that a characteristic of Irish tales is "the definiteness of names and places in a majority of them." Now names, as of Fin and Cucúlin, are often given, whereas in most European *Märchen* the characters are anonymous. But this is just the distinction, or one of the distinctions, between *Märchen* and myth. The myth is localized, is connected with national traditions, and is, to a certain extent, literary. Thus in the *Odyssey* we have names and places. In *Märchen*, on the other hand, in Europe, the places are vague, the persons anonymous—for *Märchen* are not literary but popular. They have not been made definite and localized by literary and national consciousness. If, then, we have national heroes, called by proper names, in several of Mr. Curtin's tales, that is because these *Märchen* are derived from the literary myths of Ireland. Though now in the popular mouth, they are descended from the regular written legends of the country—at least in many cases. There is a regular *va et vient* of myth and *Märchen*. The *Märchen*, the popular story, is the older, is earlier than literature, and is practically of world-wide distribution, as we shall show. As culture advances, a national literature adopts the *Märchen*, and attributes adventures known to Samoans, Japanese, Iroquois, New Guinea folk, to national heroes, Fin, Odysseus, Sigurd, Melampus, Ulkombekatsini, or Sargon. But this national and literary myth, again, reaches the populace, and flies from mouth to mouth, loses a good deal of its form, and becomes a *Märchen* once more, while retaining some names and places. This is what has happened to several of Mr. Curtin's narratives. Hence they preserve a few, but very few, definite places, as Knock Ar, and heroic names. But, as a rule, the places are extremely vague. Where is the Lonesome Isle? It is as misty as the Isle *Ææan*. Where is the Kingdom of Youth? It is as vague as the realm of Persephone. Greece and Spain and Denmark are mentioned; these are relics of mediaeval erudition, and memories of the Norse connexion with Ireland. Before approaching the stories, we should say that Mr. Curtin's remarks on Mythology, which "is not a science yet," and on Mr. Spencer and Mr. Max Müller, are extremely sensible and interesting. "All myths" (or the greater proportion of them) "have the same origin, and all run parallel up to a certain point, which may be taken as the point to which the least-developed people have risen." The truth of the matter could not be more lucidly and pointedly stated. Mr. Curtin has reached this ground by aid of his study of North American myths; a sincere study of savage myths in general must lead most inquirers to the same results.

The first tale is "The Son of the King of Erin and the Giant of Loch Le'in," one of the Killarney lochs. It opens with a Prince of Erin winning two games of cards (modern element) from a Giant, but staking and losing his head on the third rubber. This loss in most variants comes from a rash vow or promise of the Prince's father ("Nicht, Nocht, Nothing," "Tsar Morskoï"). The youth wanders away, is aided by three old women, captures a bathing maiden, as Pururava caught Urvasi, and as in Eskimo, Norse, in the Celebes Islands, and so on, by stealing her clothes. This girl is the Giant's daughter, and ("Medea and Jason") aids the youth in the accomplishment of impossible tasks. "Take no meat from him," says the girl. The monster's daughter in the Samoan tale gives the same advice (Turner's *Samoa*). A "slumber-pin" (sleep-thorn) is mentioned. Can this be of Norse origin? The feats are much the same as in the Scotch "Nicht, Nocht, Nothing" ("A Far-travelled Tale," in *Custom and Myth*). The killing of the girl is different; she herself makes climbing—

* *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*. By Jeremiah Curtin. London: Sampson Low & Co.

steps of her bones in the Scotch. The "Flight" formula is omitted, the recognition is more on the lines of *The Black Bull o' Norraway*.

"The Three Daughters of King O'Hara" is of the Cupid and Psyche family, or of "Prince Pig" in Roumanian. The peculiarity is that the two elder sisters are also married to beast-men; but they are men by day, seals by night. The seal is an undoubted Irish Totem, as Mr. Gomme has proved. The youngest sister's husband is a white dog (also an Irish Totem) by day, a man by night. We have never met this treble arrangement elsewhere, nor the very romantic incident of the one tear, nor the bride's accompanying her lost lord in his animal shape. "I will follow you while I have the power." He is enchanted by the fairy Queen of the Land of Youth, *Tir na n'Og*. Incidents from *The Black Bull o' Norraway* appear. The beautiful melancholy song is lost:—

The glassy hill I climb for thee,
The bluidy sark I wrang for thee,
And wilt thou na wauken and speak to me?

Here, too, is the formula of the separable Life, strangely hidden, as in the Samoyed.

"Fair, Brown, and Trembling" is a wild and romantic "Cinderella," without the Dead Mother, as in Servian, Finnish, Scotch, or the Helpful Animal, as in Kaffir. A Henwife takes that rôle. Beautifully romantic is the dress described on p. 83. The fighting for the Bride is pure Celtic. Yet more romantic is the "Queen of Tubber Tintye," and her enchanted sleep by the well of fire. This part of the story, by the way, is not exactly for children, or so some parents may suppose. We do not believe that children can be harmed by it; but the caution is necessary in prudish nurseries. Our chief favourite is the story which tells why the Gruagach Gaire ceased to laugh. It is perfectly delicious, new, romantic, excellent. The Cyclops episode is in "The Birth of Fin MacCumhail."

The curious should compare with these the tales from Torres Straits published by Mr. Haddon in *Folklore* (Part I.). They establish the existence of our *Märchen* beyond possibility of recent importation, at the ends of the earth. Mr. Curtin's is the best book of tales for many a long day, and (with the cautions already given) should be a favourite in the nursery as well as in the study.

TWO BOOKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.*

THERE are few lovers of animals who will not be glad to welcome Mr. Warde Fowler's capital *Tales of the Birds* in a second edition. "A Winter's Tale," with the melancholy fate of the too daring fieldfare Cocktail in his expedition over Marlborough Downs, and the thrilling adventure of the hare close to Avebury, or thereabouts, is a most affecting history. "A Debate in an Orchard" has, with more humour and (in the good sense) modernness, much of the merit of our old friends Pecksy and Flapsy, while the fortunes and misfortunes of "A Jubilee Sparrow" point useful morals. "Out of Tune," though not bad, is, we think, itself a little out of tune with the rest of the book, and "The Falcon's Nest" overlooks the fact that it is very wrong to take falcons' nests, inasmuch as they are perhaps the most beautiful, and alas! now among the rarest of English birds, so that there is very little chance of there being too many of them. "A Tragedy in Rook Life" owes something, we think, to an earlier writer; but "what for no"? All are good and all are welcome.

Mr. Jones's book is older-fashioned (not that it is any the worse for that) and less original. It is a kind of collection of observed, or, at least, reported facts about all sorts of beasts, most of them, thank goodness! dating from the older time when savants patiently watched the natural ways of animals instead of grubbing in their brains and bowels in search of the unfindable. We do not for our part at all mind hearing of Cowper's hares again, or even of the gambols of porpoises. The learned pig, and the climbing perch of the Ganges, and Arion and the dolphin—all is fish (or flesh, or fowl) which comes to Mr. Jones's net and to ours. We do not mind imagining that the bird who made a nest under a sleeper of the Brighton Railway may have been happily inhabited by the soul of a speculator in "Berthas" (not that Mr. Jones attempts this flight). It is interesting to find that he thinks it extremely likely that the Jacobites were justified, from their own point of view, in drinking healths to the "little gentleman in black velvet." "In a country south of Abyssinia," it seems, monkeys are trained to perform that function which Allan MacAulay entrusted to Highlanders, thereby saving his brother much money. It is possible; though we own that "a country south of Abyssinia" is a *leetle* vague. What is it? Uganda, Kör, the land of the Kukuanas, the Kalahari Desert, Cape Colony? They are all "south of Abyssinia." And so, by the way, is the South Pole. At the same time, the tale tells that occasionally an unruly monkey throws the torch among the guests. That is so exactly what a monkey would do that the inventor, if there was one, of the story certainly invented not ill.

* *Tales of the Birds*. By W. W. Fowler. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Glimpses of Animal Life. By W. Jones. London: Elliot Stock, 1890.

GOLF.*

GOLF, the subject of the latest volume of the Badminton Series, is a game which, though it has long flourished exceedingly on the east coast of Scotland, has only recently emerged from its northern fastnesses conquering and to conquer. It seems but yesterday since the average Englishman despised the golfer in his heart as an alien playing an alien game; to-day he dares not sneer, lest peradventure he be found saying "Thou fool" to his brother—nay, probably, he has no mind to sneer, being himself a victim to that malady for which there is no cure but the grave. But the club has not yet succeeded, as have the rod and the gun, in inspiring much immortal literature. True, there are authors on golf, "the magnificent Clark, the abstruse Simpson, and the sardonic Hutchinson"; there are tales of golf, notably a very good one by Mr. H. J. Moncrieff (now Lord Wellwood), re-published in *Tales from Blackwood*; and there are sonnets and poems on golf, varying from very fair to that abysmal badness to which verse alone can descend. But no previous efforts had made it impossible for the Badminton volume to be at once the best manual and the most literary work on the subject yet produced. That position we think it has attained; the various authors write well and pleasantly; the scheme is, on the whole, a wise one, though we cannot but regret that certain matters are not dealt with, since room for the things which are not here might easily have been made by a judicious pruning of the things which are. But of this anon.

The book treats of that which does relate directly to playing the game, of that which does not. Mr. Andrew Lang writes the history, and with him Clio becomes lively; yet withal not frivolous, but alive to the momentous nature of his task. His is a really interesting article, full of information and quaint quotations, and clothed with quiet humour. Then there are discursive chapters by Lord Wellwood and Mr. A. J. Balfour, pleasantly written, and excellent types of the sort of literature which may gather round a dearly loved amusement. The thoughtful, when they read the Irish Secretary's pages, will begin to doubt if he is really so base and brutal after all. A noteworthy feature is his transcript of a conversation with Tom Morris. From it we are sure he has taken away nothing, and to it added nothing. This may be compared with Mr. Everard (pp. 349, 351), who writes well and with feeling; but "old Tom" is the better artist of the two.

Mr. Everard's chapter, one of the best in the book, is on famous golfers. No one is better qualified than he, and he does justice to his theme and to himself. Yet there is a luckless passage at p. 398. Golfers, indeed, know the truth, and can follow Mr. Everard through the intricacies of construction; but the *profanum vulgus* will necessarily give to Jacob the inheritance of Esau. We do not know exactly at what sum an Edinburgh jury will estimate the outrage to the feelings of Mr. L. M. Balfour. Then there are chapters by the editor—one on Celebrated Links, which leaves the impression that links do not describe well; and one on Professionals and Caddies, which is too much conceived in the spirit of a lecture, since, as none of them will read it, very few will have an opportunity of digesting it. And so we come to the game itself.

It is the editor, with the assistance of Sir Walter Simpson, who undertakes to teach us how to play. No better preceptors could we have; both are proficient—one extremely so; one an early, one a late student of the art; and both well-nigh alone in having already essayed to theorize and expound that art. Mr. Hutchinson preaches the perfect way, the Utopian gospel of ideal golf; Sir Walter, "the abstruse Simpson," is a pathologist who diagnoses, and indeed professes to cure, the diseases of the golfer. Of course difficult physical motions are not really to be learned from books; yet from a good book most people will be able to take a hint. It was from the *Art of Golf* that we learned to "loft a stymie," "a feat on which ourselves we pride," and, accordingly, though conscience pricks us sore, vote against the abolition of that nuisance. And Mr. Hutchinson's teaching is so genial that it will certainly be read, and so skilful, careful, and explicit that by most it will almost certainly be read with profit. Perhaps the best thing he does for us is to indicate that which is really effectual, and therefore worthy of imitation, in the action of most of the great players, some of whom the aspiring golfer is sure to meet. One criticism, however, we venture. Secure in his own immunity, Mr. Hutchinson is not sufficiently careful to caution the tiro against attempting too early the cut stroke with the iron, whereby, for the sake of a possible intermittent success in approaching, he may contract a permanent "slice" in driving—a plague from which, peradventure, not all the nostrums of Sir Walter Simpson shall suffice to set him free. We also desire Mr. Hutchinson to come to a decision as to the correct spelling of the instrument termed mashy or mashie. Mr. Weller, though mistaken, knew his mind. Mr. Hutchinson in like manner should know his.

It is admitted to be essential to good driving that the club-head should travel from shoulder to shoulder in as large a curve (approximately a circle) as possible, and uniformly in the direction of the stroke. This is to have a flat and a straight swing, and is the common feature of all good play. Now Mr. Hutchinson, while fully admitting that many eminent golfers do not conform

* *Badminton Library—Golf*. By Horace G. Hutchinson, Lord Wellwood, Sir W. Simpson, Bart., Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Andrew Lang, H. S. C. Everard, and others. London: Longmans & Co.

[April 12, 1890.]

to his canons, is bold to preach that there is a right way to set about doing this, that there is a right "style"; and in support of his position he instances the genius who first taught cricketers to keep the left shoulder over the ball. But then that teaching has been amply verified by experience. In golf, experience is actually against the existence of one correct style. One amateur champion, Mr. Ball, differs considerably from the model drawn here; another, Mr. Laidlay, breaks every rule of style known to the Badminton Library, and, since he cannot be overlooked, his play has special passages devoted to it; the learned editor himself is not without his peculiarities. We are not entirely at one with Mr. Hutchinson here. The object of the golfer, under the aforesaid essential conditions, is to develop all his power; and men are built so variously, and their strength so differently situated, that we believe it is almost unavoidable that they should employ different styles to do the same work. Present practice is on our side; time, now that the Badminton Library has spoken, may be on Mr. Hutchinson's. In the meantime his advice is excellent for all who seek to learn. No man need suppose himself the possessor of an unusual anatomy till he has proved that it is so. And undoubtedly most good players approximate more or less closely to Mr. Hutchinson's standard, though a few of the very best differ widely from it. It is a curious commentary on the discussion that Mr. Hutchinson invites us to practise an unusual style of putting—his own, to wit—in preference to the old-established ways.

The article on Etiquette contains much that is true, though not very new; it is chiefly of interest in so far as it relates to the laws. Mr. Hutchinson would revert to the code of Draco. If a man mark sand, let him die the death. But he admits that the custom of modern sentimentalists is against him. We agree with him that laws should be enforced; yet we find him refusing to enforce rule 9 against custom (p. 435). In the case of "marking sand," the penalty is too severe for our bowels of mercy; like jury-men, we will not say guilty if that means hanging. Mitigate the penalty in deference to public opinion, and golfers will obey the law again; we do not excuse their present conduct, but explain it. In our opinion the rules of St. Andrews are bad in places, badly arranged, and somewhat absurdly insufficient; it is a trifle, but typical, that the size of the hole is not fixed. Mr. Hutchinson is, of course, quite right not to attempt to formulate a new code; but we greatly regret that he has not seen his way to indicate the necessity of reform, and to suggest the method reformers should pursue; he would have written as one having authority. It is said the rules are good enough; that is only true if it means that it is possible to play golf without better. It is also said that an exact code is impossible, and that, even if possible, it would be far too voluminous. There is truth in this; but few people should be content to accept the worst because they cannot get the best. We should have thought that players with a proper pride in their game would not have endured so long the physical and logical paradoxes embodied in Rule 29. We venture to propose that when the rules are remodelled they might be classed under three heads:—

I. Definitions—as hole, club, stroke, hazard, &c.

II. Rules, strictly so-called, with a penalty for breach attached when desirable.

III. Rules of etiquette for the guidance of players, which would include the existing Rules 9, 41, 22, and 43.

Some such legislation we hope ere long to see; and the Badminton Library might have aided the good work.

We have already said we regretted what this volume does not contain. We should have welcomed a chapter of good golfing stories, and tales of the wit and wisdom of caddies. For caddies are a peculiar people; and there are few players who have trodden the links of Scotland (where only real caddies exist) who do not cherish some choice specimens of their sayings and doings. We should have been glad to have seen immortalized the excellent candour of Mr. Flynn, of Musselburgh, who, when asked by our friend F. if S., his proposed antagonist, was a first-class player, spoke words of comfort thus:—"Him a first-class player! He canna play a damn. He's no sae much better than yersel'!" Room for such a chapter might easily have been made. Some of the articles—such as "Clubs and Balls," "Nerve and Training"—are not remarkable for conciseness; and it was unnecessary to tell the story of Tom Morris's putting finger twice in ten pages.

The numerous illustrations deserve a word. Mr. Hodge's are of a high order of excellence, whether considered as studies of golfers or as portraits of men. Mr. Furniss has two very pretty, and many more or less amusing, sketches; but of them, to quote the editor, "we may say with a smile that they are not golf."

Finally, we hope Mr. Hutchinson will not consider us captious. After all, good work is best worth criticizing; and his book, in the main, is good, and in many parts very good indeed.

TWO BOOKS ON COINS.*

MR. WROTH'S *Catalogue of the Coins of Pontus, Paphlagonia, &c.* is one of the series of careful and scholarly

* Catalogue of Greek Coins in the British Museum: *Pontus, Paphlagonia, Bithynia, and the Kingdom of Bosporus*. By Warwick Wroth. Edited by R. Stuart Poole. Printed by order of the Trustees.

Colonial Coins and Tokens. By D. F. Howorth, F.S.A. (Young Collector Series). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

catalogues issued by the Numismatic Department of the British Museum, which now number, we believe, some thirty volumes. In the care and research which it displays it is well worthy of the volumes which have preceded it. It is divided into two classes—the autonomous coinage of the Greek cities included, roughly speaking, within the district of the Roman province of Bithynia-Pontus; and the regal series of the kingdoms of Bithynia-Pontus and Bosporus which covered a considerably wider area. Considering that the history which it embraces is one of no small obscurity, and one somewhat out of the path of ordinary classical scholars, it is much to be regretted that no map accompanies this volume. In fact, in our opinion, the use of maps in books on coins, indicating places of mintage, should be much more frequent than they are at present; and the same omission is not less to be regretted in the volumes of the Museum *Catalogue of Oriental Coins*. The arrangement of the Greek coins in the British Museum (as in most cabinets of coins) is the arrangement in Eckhel's *Doctrina Numorum Veterum*. Whether this is nowadays the ideal classification is a matter open to question; but we recognize the enormous difficulties in the way of the rearrangement of so vast a series. It is necessary that as long as this stands the catalogues of coins should follow the classification in the cabinets. In the series before us, however, this has one unfortunate result—that the coins of the European portion of the kingdom of Bosporus are separated from the Asiatic coins, and are not included in the present volume.

Artistically the coins here described are chiefly remarkable for the very curious series of realistic portraits displayed in the regal issues, portraits which stand alone in the whole range of Greek numismatics. The coins of Mithradates II. (B.C. 240-190?), of Pharnaces I. (B.C. 190?-169 or 159?), kings of Pontus, afford the best examples of this form of realistic art which this Catalogue contains. Other coins not in the Museum collection have been published by M. Th. Reinach in the *Revue Numismatique* for 1888. The coins of the successor of these kings, Mithradates the Great, have a far greater historical, but less artistic, interest. His earlier pieces, however, do seem to aim at realistic portraiture; and, as Mr. Wroth says, "in the features ferocity and feverish energy, perhaps even a trace of insanity, are legible." The later coins bear a far finer, but probably a highly idealized, head. The hair is loose and curling backwards, as if blown by the wind. Visconti suggested that it was a copy from a statue in which Mithradates was represented as charioteer or a horseman. Undoubtedly statues of Mithradates are mentioned by classical writers. But, as there is no indication of their character, Visconti's suggestion must pass for a pure conjecture. No representation, however, it may be admitted, could be more fitted to express the wild and romantic character of that monarch, who, in mere fleetness of foot, was said to outrun the deer.

The coins of this class are extremely recherché, and it is not a matter for surprise, though it must be matter for regret, that there should be such a large number of *desiderata* for the national collection. We get some notion of this in comparing the plates in the Museum Catalogue with those which illustrate the papers recently published in the *Revue Numismatique* on most of the series included in this volume. But we are further struck by the superiority of the French plates produced by Dujardin over the autotype plates in the volume before us. The former look as if they were taken directly from the coins; the latter are evidently taken only from casts of coins. The truth is, these Museum Catalogues, which honourably took the lead in introducing illustrations of coins by permanent photography, have not kept pace with the latest improvements in this art. The binding of these volumes, too, leaves very much to be desired.

The "Young Collector Series" is, we gather, designed to supply small handbooks on every series of objects which boys are likely to make the subject of collecting. The present volume on *Colonial Coins and Tokens* seems adequate for its purpose, though it does not display any recondite knowledge. On one of the coins of the Straits Settlements (if it be of that English colony, and not a coin designed for the use of natives and traders in independent Malaya) the obverse is described as a Bantam cock, &c., "with legend in Arabic characters," the legend in question really being "Tanah Malayū," "The Land of the Malayans."

ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS.*

IN a free country they know how to deal with anarchy and license, and Captain Michael J. Schaack, in a bulky production, shows us who are the subjects of an effete monarchy how this is done. In a volume little short of 700 pages, the Head of the Chicago police undertakes to trace the origin of Socialism from the time of Proudhon and Louis Blanc; treats of the invention and application of dynamite; has a chapter on historical assassinations which, Lord Beaconsfield once reminded us, have never altered

* *Anarchy and Anarchists: a History of the Red Terror and the Social Revolution in America and Europe. Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism in Doctrine and in Deed. The Chicago Haymarket Conspiracy and the Detection and Trial of the Conspirators.* By Michael J. Schaack, Captain of Police. With numerous Illustrations from authentic Photographs and from Original Drawings. By Wm. A. McCulloch, W. Ottman, Louis Braunhold, True Williams, Chas. Foerster, O. F. Kritzner, and others. London: Sampson Low & Co., Limited.

the course of events or changed the history of the world; and then explains at great length the rise, the progress, and the misdeeds of conspirators, mostly foreigners, in the city of which he is so proud. The book is enlivened—adorned we could hardly say—with more than one hundred and seventy illustrations. We have street fights, explosions, arch-scoundrels, and their infernal machines. There are shells of various sizes, gas-pipe bombs, coils of fuses, revolvers of sorts; banners with strange and forbidding devices; and villains of the regular stage type remarkable for shaggy hair, beetling eyebrows, and ferocious glances. Sydney Smith in one of his letters says that at a certain dinner he met a foreigner whose name, as he caught it, was Barrère, and in whose countenance he at once detected the traces of the bloodthirstiness which had marked the whole career of the Revolutionist. But before dinner was over the Canon of St. Paul's found out that the guest was the historian Barante, who had never in his whole life killed anything except a flea. With the photographs taken by Captain Schaack and his subordinates no wrong impressions are possible. We do him the credit to say that he has contrived to fill his gallery with a set of unmistakable villains the like of which can only be found in the *Newgate Calendar* or in the photographs of Scotland Yard. With very rare exceptions every visage bears the impress of lust, cruelty, meanness, and cowardice. It is a relief, after scanning the faces of Lingg, the Lehmanns, Otto and Gustav Schwab, Fischer, and what are termed the "underground conspirators," to come on the photographs of such honest and true men as Detective John Stiff, Inspectors John Bonfield, Lieutenant Hubbard, the Hon. Julius S. Grinnell the State Attorney who prosecuted, and the Hon. Joseph E. Gary the judge, who tried the most contemptible set of scoundrels that ever stood at the bar. An Indian magistrate's batch of confessing Thugs and Dacoits would look like saints in comparison.

Captain Schaack, whose expressive photo adorns the frontispiece, is a man to inspire confidence. You see at once that he will not stand any nonsense. His opinion of one or two not unimportant officials in the State of Illinois is not exactly favourable, but he seems to have had the art of inspiring his own subordinates with zeal. He never threw away a chance. He never dropped a clue. He laughed at letters and threats of assassination just as Mr. Trench did in Ireland, and he followed up hints and confessions with an astuteness, an energy, and a persistence which, to use his own words, enabled him "to meet force with force and cunning with cunning." He had no notion of accepting the principle that "the majority of the citizens was to be ruled by an alien minority," and he very skilfully, to use his own phrase, "transformed that idea into a governing fact." Occasionally with pardonable exultation he records the encomium passed on him during his arduous labours by such a competent authority as the State Attorney himself. "Schaack, you can command my services and those of every man in my office at any time. Schaack, I want to say that you are one of the greatest detectives in America." And even so did Mr. Richard Swiveller, on leaving the apartment of the single and solitary gentleman who had declined to have any correspondence with Mr. Sampson Brass and his sister Sally, never fail to enhance his own merits as a negotiator with the same mysterious lodger by quoting "Swiveller, I know I can rely upon you." "I have no hesitation in saying, Swiveller, that I entertain a regard for you." "Swiveller, you are my friend and will stand by me, I am sure." While fully appreciating the direct, impressive, and manly style in which the unravelling of the wicked plot is told, we were not unprepared for those pithy and expressive phrases which enrich the barrenness of our own poor language. Traveler, center, you bet, and do tell, are by this time familiar and instructive. We have been taught, by recent experience of strikes, to understand what is meant by a "scab." We may hazard a guess or two at the following phrases, much as a fair Greek scholar makes shots at a crabbed line in the *Sapphices*. A "pig-faced slugger" can only be a prize-fighter. A "plat" stands for the plan of the house in which the Anarchists were plotting. When these men prudently fled from the presence of the redoubtable Captain Schaack and his followers, and "hunted their holes," we gather that they hid themselves in their inner chambers. A witness whose language and demeanour were unsatisfactory and who, if put in the box, would have been "dead timber to either side," was obviously useless for either prosecution or defence. A "straw-bailer" may signify an unsubstantial person who is ready to go bail for such people as pay him well. No prudent man would sit down and join in a "skin-game at cards," inasmuch as the context shows that a poor man got all the "skin-cards" and lost his money. We can understand that a "small man with an illuminated nose, and some froway and low-sculled sneaks" are very objectionable acquaintances. "To score the bank" indicates, we think, that the speaker was a moralist, and had an objection to this sort of institution as connected with monopolies and capital. A "sweat-box" is a cell underground or at any rate in the basement of a house. When a surgeon attended on an officer wounded by the explosion, and "tamped his liver with gauze" to prevent his bleeding to death, it is obvious that he resorted to some expedient which in our hospitals would be designated by some other medical phrase. But we cannot be sure of the exact aims and objects of the "Lumber-shovers Union," nor of the social standing of a Pinkerton Bummer, nor of the green-backer who at an election polled only hundreds, while his competitors had thousands

of votes. "Squealers" are the pitiful rascals who split on their comrades in crime, and their whining utterances made to save their own necks are very properly denominated "squeals." Captain Schaack's rapid survey of Anarchy, Socialism, and Nihilism on the Continent is well worth a study; but the interesting part of his work is the account of the trial of the anarchists in the local Court of Chicago. It is ample and detailed, and illustrates the whole system of criminal trials in the States; its similarity to and its divergence from our own proceedings at Assizes. It seems that after the Socialists had propagated their abominable doctrines by meetings, pamphlets, newspapers, and resolutions, an establishment in Chicago known as the McCormick Foundry was attacked by a mob. The police were equal to the crisis, did not hesitate to use their revolvers in reply to those weapons in the hands of the rioters, and finally succeeded in restoring order. Exasperated by their failure, the conspirators determined to hold a meeting in the Haymarket of Chicago, and at a given signal to hurl a bomb charged with deadly dynamite at the police. This plot was so far successful that when the defenders of order arrived opposite a platform on which one Fielden was spouting lies and sedition, a bomb was hurled from a side street with terrible results. Eight policemen were killed, and no less than sixty-eight were wounded—some of whom were frightfully maimed and incapacitated from any further duty. How the police rallied, charged the anarchists, fired round after round, and dispersed the mob; how Captain Schaack formed his plans for the detection and capture of the conspirators; hunted successfully for cans, fuses, and bombs; locked up some traitors, persuaded others to split, and finally presented a case fit for an impartial and intelligent jury, must be read in the first half of this volume. Like his prototype, this *municipalis eques* of Chicago

galeatum ponit ubique

Præsidium attontis, et in omni gente laborat.

The second half of the work is taken up with the trial, and we give a summary of some three hundred pages containing the statement for the prosecution, the evidence, the speeches for the defence, the instructions of the Judge to the jury, the finding, and the delay in carrying out the sentences, owing to the fatal facilities for appeal which the American system permits and of which we had a notable instance in the case of the assassin of General Garfield.

A grand jury of twenty-three persons was first charged by Judge John G. Rogers, and he laid down the law so clearly as to freedom of speech and constitutional rights as distinct from lawlessness and license, that these excellent citizens had not the least difficulty in finding a true bill, with fifteen indictments for murder, conspiracy, and riot, against the accused. In language which some of our politicians would do well to lay to heart, the Judge showed that an incendiary speech incited men to commit wild acts, and that a red flag or a black one in procession was only "a menace, a threat." Twelve good men were next empanelled. Two, from their portraits, bear a strong resemblance to some of our best Liberal-Unionists. Then the State Attorney came on the scene, and after a very proper allusion to George Washington, he set up a strong case for the prosecution. Dynamite and destruction had been preached at public meetings for months. Bombs had been sedulously manufactured by the prisoners. The riot at McCormick's foundry had, like riots in other countries, been falsely described as one got up purposely by those "bloodhounds the police." What is termed a *Revenge Circular* had been printed and published. The meeting in the Haymarket, deliberately planned, ended in the throwing of a bomb at a given signal, which killed eight policemen and injured many others. It mattered not, said the State Attorney, what hand launched the missile of death. These cowards, not heroes, met in pursuit of a common object and were guilty of murder.

Then came witnesses in the shape of detectives, informers, confidants of the anarchists, captains and lieutenants of police, employés of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—a pestilent and seditious newspaper—reporters who took notes of violent speeches at public meetings, doctors who showed that bullets and metal of a peculiar kind extracted from the bodies of the unfortunate policemen were of exactly the same material as the bombs found in Lingg's house, and a number of persons who had witnessed the explosion. Captain Schaack had managed to lay before Judge and jury a long chain of evidence, in which one link fitted into the other with indissoluble strength. The advocates for the defence, it must be admitted, did their best for their clients, but it was a very uphill game. They wrangled for hours over legal points. They took exception to the admissibility of certain testimony. They made the most of a difficulty experienced by the prosecution in proving conclusively who threw the fatal shell. They argued that the prisoners had "broad feelings of humanity," and were only anxious for the welfare and improvement of the working classes. The evidence of a certain witness for the prosecution, Mr. Gilmer, who tried to fix the throwing of the bomb on Mr. Spies, was analysed and denounced in language applicable to Pigott. Friendly witnesses were adduced who swore roundly that the police used their revolvers before any explosion had taken place, and that the assemblage consisted of peaceful and orderly citizens. In short, everything was done by the ingenuity of the advocates to present another view of the law of conspiracy, and to give a different solution of facts that could not, as facts, be evaded or denied.

By some arrangement which seems to be peculiar to the

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American system, the jury were next addressed by the Assistant State Attorney, Francis W. Walker. From his photograph he must have been very like the late Sir Ashley Eden. After combating the arguments for the defence in a masterly fashion, he closed a "magnificent address with a high tribute to the valour of the police, and their services to law and order." The sequence of these proceedings becomes slightly perplexing when Mr. Walker is followed by Mr. Sigismund Zeisler for the defence, and this gentleman in his turn by the special counsel for the State. Then two other advocates for the prisoners cut in and have their say, and next reappears the State Attorney, and so a regular game of battledore and shuttlecock continues for hours and days. We are bound to record that in all these pleas and counterpleas there was no resort to unfair weapons and no hitting below the belt. The case was closed by an earnest appeal from the State Attorney to the jury to do their duty and uphold the law.

And now Judge Gary proceeds not to "charge" but to "instruct" the jury. To this body in the States belongs not only the finding of facts, but the interpretation of the law, and the actual fixing of the penalty. That the jurymen must have been helped and guided by what we should term the summing up of the Judge is very clear. At considerable length he proceeded to draw a distinction between free speech and license; to explain the law applicable to conspirators and accessories; to comment on the evidence of the accomplices, and of that voluntarily tendered by some of the prisoners; to fix the onus of proof; and, in short, to do practically what is done by Justice Hawkins or Justice Stephen at Assizes or the Old Bailey. The day after the Judge's instructions the jury found seven of the prisoners guilty of murder, and adjudged to them the penalty of death. The eighth was sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years.

Then ensued a series of desperate attempts to get round the verdict. A motion for arrest of judgment was overruled by Judge Gary; but at its close several of the prisoners were allowed to make long and fiery harangues abusive of capitalists, policemen, and prosecutors. All this did not prevent Judge Gary from giving effect to the finding and sentence of the jury. On appeal to the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois the sentence was upheld, and the same result followed from a further appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. The Governor of Illinois, to whom recourse was next had, was on the whole equally firm. He commuted the death penalty, in the case of Fielden and Schwab, to imprisonment for life, but left five others for execution. Lingg, the arch-conspirator, somehow found means to introduce a bomb into his cell, and blew his head off in prison. We could have spared a ghastly picture of the four remaining criminals who, in white dresses, were hanged in one row inside the prison in the month of November. The trial, including the motion for arrest of judgment and the proceedings in Appeal, occupied more than five months. It is amusing, in the proceedings, to find an allusion to the "privileged classes" in America. By these, however, are meant the military and the police. Captain Schaack is of opinion that the snake in Chicago is only scotched. He has done a good work by discrediting the notion that evil things ought to be disguised or veiled over with fine names. Our American cousins do not seem to approve of the theory that in great and popular movements you must look for and pardon some very questionable acts. There are some actions, and even speeches, which can only be dealt with by the bullet and the rope; and if, as the author of this volume seems to apprehend, Socialism and anarchy may still work much mischief in Russia, on the Continent, and in England, we can only pray that when our crisis does come we may be able to rely on guardians of order as acute, as determined, and as successful as Captain Michael J. Schaack.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC.*

MR. HURLBERT'S book, though interesting enough, is yet disappointing. *France and the Republic* is a title which promises a good deal, and when we are told that it is "a record of things seen and learned in the French provinces" we are still more tempted to great expectations. Less will, however, be obtained than appears to be promised. The volume, in fact, contains an expression of Mr. Hurlbert's vehement contempt for the "principles of 1789," for all French Republics and Republicans, and for the Third Republic in particular, supported by evidence collected in part of the north of France. It may be surprising to some to hear an American gentleman denouncing these principles and that form of government in the spirit and style of a rather exceptionally bitter French Royalist. The surprise will, however, be somewhat weak, for, in the first place, Mr. Hurlbert is one of those "Democrats," not unknown in the United States, who have a naturally Tory soul; and, further, he is openly, and even with a touch of what Dean Milman, speaking of some French neo-Catholics, excellently called the fanfaronnade of belief—a Roman Catholic. There is no impudent intrusion in saying what Mr. Hurlbert almost passionately avows. It is, therefore, quite natural that he should hate and despise French Republics and

Republicans. His point of view should be remembered by those who read him.

For our part, we are well enough disposed to say ditto to Mr. Hurlbert when he abounds, as he is apt to do, in assertion that the "principles of 1789" were mostly froth, and the men who preached them mostly simpletons, rogues, or ruffians. Mr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Hurlbert very characteristically sneers at, convinced us long ago that the makers of the French Revolution were the smallest of mankind. M. Henri Taine and his school of historical students have only proved again the already proved. Nor do we know many more amusing things in contemporary literature than a comparison between the anger inspired in M. Taine by Carlyle's estimate of the Revolutionary leaders, as expressed in the History of English Literature, and his recent labours to prove how thoroughly that view was justified by the facts. It is not, however, equally easy to agree with Mr. Hurlbert's beliefs that the old French monarchy might have been saved, and that the end of the present Republic will be its destruction for the benefit of Philippe VII. It is a foolish form of fatalism to say that whatever was must needs have been so; but in this case it is hard to doubt that the actual end was the inevitable one. The more completely "the group of conscientious historical students" prove the worthlessness of the Revolutionary leaders, the more completely do they prove that the monarchy which could be so upset was worn out. No institution of any real vitality could have been destroyed by such hands. Mr. Hurlbert believes—and with certain reservations we agree with him—that if Louis XVI. had had the spirit of a mouse he might have crushed the anarchy in Paris. Granted that this is true, and it is none the less true that the monarchy was dead. A monarchy which depends for its existence entirely on the personal character of the King is ruined as an institution. In earlier centuries no excess of imbecility or vice in the King could have brought down the French monarchy. In truth the Revolutionary parties had an easy game to play. The body of the French monarchy was walking about on earth in 1789, but its soul had been buried with Louis XIV. An institution has run its course when it must be sustained by the man who represents it, and can no longer support him. We do not say this as excusing the rogues and simpletons of the Revolution, but only to account for them. They were the evidence and offspring of the corruption in the institution of which they destroyed the mere outward form. The monarchy went down before them as the Bastille did, because both were the mere show of what they had been. In this respect, then, we think that Mr. Hurlbert proves too much for his case. As regards the establishment of Philippe VII., that is matter of prophecy. The faith of Mr. Hurlbert is entitled to tender consideration; yet we will whisper somewhat in his ear. Let him remember the dark, but great, saying of Joseph de Maistre, that nothing succeeds in politics which is consciously done. Now "Philippe VII." is terribly self-conscious. He is for ever asserting himself, and borrowing from his right-hand neighbour and his left, if thereby he can only get votes. This was not the method of the old French Monarchy, and we do not think it will answer for a new one. It will also be wise in Mr. Hurlbert to act on the great Jesuit rule, and distinguish. It is one thing for a monarchy to live by its own force; it is quite another for it to be set up by a people in a mere fit of despair at the misgovernment of others. In that latter case there will be no margin of monarchical sentiment available to cover the mistakes which the new monarchy—being, after all, human—will infallibly commit. Now the Orleans family has done as much as any party in France to destroy what was left of the old monarchical sentiment, and must not look to revive it for their own benefit now. Mr. Hurlbert, too, has a belief that Philippe VII. might effect a disarmament, which no other form of Government dare venture to attempt. A more amazing delusion never entered into the head of a naturally really sagacious man. If it once became known that a Royalist victory meant permanent surrender to Germany, there would be an end for ever to all chance of a restoration.

When Mr. Hurlbert gives his reasons for most particularly hating all French Republics and the Third not less than the First or Second, it is very easy to say ditto to him without reserve. He has various minor reasons and one chief one. The minor reasons are that the Republic is extravagant in money matters, administers very badly, and gabbles a great deal about hazy principles in a fashion very exasperating to the nerves of Mr. Hurlbert. It has a way of making believe to be the same sort of Republic as the United States, which he finds more particularly annoying. The corruption which goes on and the audacious rigging of elections reminds him too acutely of doings at home in the evil days of "reconstruction," and he says so with a fine frankness. But Mr. Hurlbert might forgive these sins if they were not, as it were, the mere fringe of a greater offence—namely, the persecution of the Church. Given his opinions and creed, the anger this causes him is thoroughly intelligible and well justified too. It is not to be supposed that either here or in America Mr. Hurlbert's style of criticism will be universally admired. He is, as has already been said, a very ardent Roman Catholic, and is not far from asserting that no really moral training is to be obtained out of his own communion. He does not say so to be sure in so many words, and, indeed, generally speaks of the Protestants as natural allies in the fight with the ostentatious impiety of the Radicals. Yet there are casual

* *France and the Republic: a Record of Things Seen and Learned in the French Provinces during the Centennial Year 1890.* By W. H. Hurlbert. With a Map. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

touches here and again which tell a tale—and he speaks of the boasted system of popular education in the States in terms not likely to be approved by his countrymen. The States may be left to fight their own battles with Mr. Hurlbert, and we are content to note that he does well to be angry with what he saw going on in those parts of France he describes in this volume. These, by the way, do not quite amount to "the provinces." Mr. Hurlbert gives a map at the end of his volume, scored over with blue lines, meant, we suppose, to represent his travels. In his text, however, he keeps to a few of the Northern Departments in French Flanders, Artois, Normandy, and Champagne. As he confesses in his preface that he found his notes too voluminous to be printed bodily, it is to be presumed that he did his compression by suppressing his observations in other regions, and giving only these. It was not the best way. A better course would have been to cut out much of what he has actually printed about such subjects as the glass-works at St. Gobain, or the coal districts of the Aisne, and replace it by what he saw of the working of the Radical party in the Isle de France, Languedoc, or Gascony. After all, the districts he did visit are mostly the least French parts of France, since Alsace was so very roughly taken back into the bosom of the German mother-country. What Mr. Hurlbert did see explains his anger. His account, to take one instance only, of the insolent tyranny of a certain local Radical, called Petit, at Amiens, is alone enough, when one remembers that it is the type of much else, to explain why the French Conservative cannot reconcile himself to the Republic. Mr. Hurlbert's Churchmen and Conservatives are, to be sure, drawn at their best. They are all, as he met them, the images of meekness, good sense, moderation, and right feeling. But this, after all, only shows that he is a partisan; and we never took him for aught else. He is, however, on a side which has much to say for itself, and is at present suffering from not a little spiteful persecution. It is not to be expected that he should stop to remember the times (not so very remote either) in which the Church was hardly so long-suffering as it is now, when it has no power to strike. A judge might take into account the fact that, if French parties are intolerant, they belong to a nation which has had a tolerably long training in intolerance. But Mr. Hurlbert is not a judge.

His confidence in the ultimate success of his own side is quite becoming to him as an advocate. It may be doubted whether he will persuade those who have not the same reason to entertain this belief. Here, also, he proves too much. If it is true that the Radicals are the miserable creatures he describes, their victory is a terrible reproach to the respectable people. The truth is that Mr. Hurlbert's book abounds in proof of the truth of P. L. Courier's famous jibe. The respectable people, on his own showing, are great cowards. There is a limpness about them which does not promise well. At St. Omer he was informed by a most respectable person that when the news came of the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of the Third Republic by the grace of the mob it was received with indifference. This Mr. Hurlbert takes to be one of many proofs that the Republic never really represented France. To us it proves that the likes of the respectable people of St. Omer will always be at the mercy of any handful of determined men who get possession of the telegraph offices. If they had summarily refused to listen to the mob of Paris, they might—though even that is not certain—have hastened the ultimate surrender to Germany. On the other hand, they would have put a stop for ever to the dictation of the mob. People who hear of the upsetting of a Government in the middle of a war with indifference are very likely to be the victims of political instability. Mr. Hurlbert is, in truth, a little apt to confuse what is desirable with what is likely. It is, doubtless, true that the Radicals are a rather contemptible body, and that their dictation is incompatible with representative institutions properly understood. We never heard, however, of a Government established by representative institutions, though it may be worked by them when firmly established. When a nation is divided, as France is, the victory commonly falls to those who believe in themselves and are most ready to strike. Now the largest share of that belief and that readiness to strike seems to be with Radicals for the time being, and the deduction from the fact is obvious.

MRS. KENDAL'S DRAMATIC OPINIONS.*

THE question to what extent it is desirable that autobiographies should be written is a wide one. Three points have to be taken into consideration; the celebrity of the subject, the amount of truth it is intended to tell, and the capacity of the teller. In the case of actors and actresses we hold strongly to the opinion that, in these days of general curiosity and inquisitiveness, they do best and earn most respect if their public appearance is scrupulously limited to the other side, the player's side, of the footlights. The actor, as also the actress, is too much with us if he or she comes before the curtain and grows personally *polix*. Mrs. Kendal's playful prattle, for instance, is no doubt extremely well calculated to delight her personal friends; but the general reader who entertains the idea we have just ventured to express about players—that their energies should be reserved for their own side of the curtain—may be apt to inquire why we

are blessed with all these confidences. Actors, and actresses no less, would earn more respect if they observed more reticence as to their private proceedings, and drew a more marked distinction between their lives as individuals and as public performers. How obtuse Mrs. Kendal is in this respect is proved by the remarks she makes on a subject about which we are of opinion that theatrical audiences have no right or business to inquire or to trouble themselves. It is Mrs. Kendal's contention that husband and wife should always act together. Thus she writes on the question, about which, it is to be feared, she is quite unnecessarily concerned:—

If my husband and I had been separated, if he had played parts to other women; if other women had played parts to him, and I to other men, and other men to me, there is no doubt that certain go-ahead people would have preferred it, and we should probably have been worth thousands of pounds more to-day; but, on the other hand, there is another section of the public who say they like to see us act together—that the very fact of knowing we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance which they would not otherwise feel. . . . Letters have been written to me, and friends have come to me and argued the point, saying it would be more interesting to see another man embracing me. Also that it would be infinitely more fascinating if somebody else acted with my husband.

We do not see the *sequitur* here, but the passage quoted contains evidence of what we regard as the peculiar vice and vanity of the modern player-self-consciousness and an inability to observe the due limits of private life. When we go to the theatre our sole concern is to see a good play well acted, and if performers could grasp this fact, they would earn far more respect than is at present bestowed upon them. For the private life of the actress we care nothing, and of it we desire to know absolutely nothing. *Lady Macbeth* may be the blameless mother of *Macbeth's* children. *Desdemona* may have rightly earned the *Dunnock* fitch as the model wife of *Othello*; these are points on which it would be impertinent on our part to inquire, our only legitimate concern being the extent to which the characters as drawn by the dramatist are depicted by the players. Surely Mrs. Kendal must perceive that the dramatic situation is sorely weakened if, instead of being absorbed in the reunion of, say, Lord and Lady Clancarty in Mr. Tom Taylor's play, we occupy our minds in considering whether the fictitious husband and wife in the play are lawfully joined together in their own private character? We confess that such inquiries seem to us to have something very coarse and offensive about them. It requires some restraint on our part to refrain from expressing an opinion as to the intelligence in the first place, and the moral qualities in the second, of the friends and correspondents of Mrs. Kendal who are represented as having told Mrs. Kendal that they wanted to see somebody else embracing her.

Mrs. Kendal's "dramatic opinions" as here set forth include a little biographical sketch which strikes us as unduly kittenish. She writes:—

Before I begin, I suppose I ought to say, like a child on going into school, how old I am and where I was born. But, dear reader, please don't ask me that—where I was born and how old am I. Don't you know? Some folks add a year or two to my age when writing about me, and can't quite decide where I was born. Perhaps I "grewed," eh? I shan't tell you, because curiosity in a man is awful; in my sex it's pardonable, I am told, and most women ask each other, "How old do you think Mies, or Mrs. So-and-so is?" Now think. She began in such a theatre, and played such a part; she must have been over twenty then, that makes her—Oh, my dear, she *must* be!" But men never talk like that. At their clubs they converse only of politics, and discuss the progress of the different ages of man; but no, never—never of woman!

This is somewhat ponderous playfulness, for in truth our only excuse for dwelling on the question of an actress's age is limited by the consideration whether she appears to fulfil the requirements of the parts she assumes, and if we think her too old, politeness forbids us from rudely saying so. Mrs. Kendal is strangely incomplete, however, in the sketch she furnishes of her career. One of the notable incidents that should have been dwelt upon is the fact that, after playing *Zoelide* in *The Palace of Truth* in November 1870, she distinguished herself as the heroine of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* in the year following. After this Mrs. Kendal played Selene in *The Wicked World* (January 1873), and then, as Mrs. Van Brugh in the same author's *Charity*, "obtained at the end of the third act," according to "The Dramatic List," "a triumph more spontaneous and overwhelming than has often been accorded an artist." "The audience literally rose to greet her," the *Athenaeum* of January 4, 1874, declares; and the next year at the Court Theatre, in *Broken Hearts*, Mrs. Kendal was deeply indebted to an author who provided her with golden opportunities. Nevertheless, Mr. Gilbert's name is not mentioned once in the book. We read that "Mr. H. A. Jones is a man of high position. Mr. Robert Buchanan is a very very clever man"; but, perhaps, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *The Palace of Truth*, and *Sweethearts* growed. Some of Mrs. Kendal's opinions are vague. "There is a great deal of difference, in my opinion, between enthusiasm and enthusiast," she writes, and truly there is; we cannot compare the two—persons on one hand, and a mental quality on the other. For the rest, Mrs. Kendal tells us a good deal that we know already about the ordinary processes of producing plays and about various professional matters, and she also confides to us that Mr. Kendal received a number of love letters during the time when he was playing in *Impulse*. This is one of those little incidents of life behind the scenes that Mrs. Kendal, who tells us that she is known as "the matron of the drama"—a term

* *Dramatic Opinions.* By Mrs. Kendal. London: Murray.

[April 12, 1890.]

we never heard applied to her—might well have left unmentioned. The book of so unimpeachable purist is not unlikely to be placed by careful parents in the hands of the young girl of whom we have heard, and it is not well for her to know that some of her impulsive sisters write love letters to actors. "No one ever wrote sheaves of praise of my husband," Mrs. Kendal complains, commenting on the representation of the part; but, if so—though we think that, as a rule, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are generally eulogized—it is gratifying to learn that private writers supplied the omission. On the whole, this little book is but poor stuff. There are subjects about which Mrs. Kendal is in a position to speak with authority; but of these we find comparatively little, and, when they are touched upon, the surface is only skimmed. It would have been interesting to learn from Mrs. Kendal the methods by which she supposes her success has been attained in her best-known characters; instead of which we have a little essay on what Mrs. Kendal regards as the due admixture of domesticity and drama, the desirableness of heroes and heroines being really and truly married. Imagine a new Goethe arising, a new *Faust* being written and submitted to a manager, who replied to the author, "There is decided merit in your work; but the relationship of Faust and Gretchen makes it advisable that the exponents of the characters should be married, and my chief actor and actress are unhappily bachelor and spinster!" This would not be to the advantage of art. We must repeat that this prying into the private lives of actors and actresses seems to us one of the most demoralizing features of these days of "Society journalism," and it is specially distressing when the actors and actresses themselves reveal their own sentiments in shilling pamphlets.

A MANUAL OF MYTHOLOGY.*

A MANUAL of *Mythology in relation to Greek Art* has for its subject "not mythology in general, but strictly and solely mythology as seen in art. Literature is cited, but only so far as it throws light upon the conceptions of art. All questions dealing with the origin of myths and their literary variations are of necessity set aside. The book is intended, in fact, to supplement, not to supersede, existing handbooks."

In this manual, accordingly, we find that it is the evolution of the perfect anthropomorphic statue from the almost shapeless wooden or stone idol, and the gradual development of the type of each god or goddess, genius or hero, according to the general principles which govern the formation of types in art, which is historically considered. The method, as the author points out, must of necessity be historical, because only so can it be made clear that "the development of art types is subject to the same laws, and follows the same inevitable sequence of development and decay, as may be observed in any other department of human civilization."

This being the object of the work, we shall not be surprised to find that the writer has selected for his illustrations, not only "monuments" which are intrinsically beautiful, and which belong to the maturity of art, but also "those which are the outcome of the rudest archaism." The two lines of Callimachus:—

Οὕπω Σμιλικὸν ἔργον ἐνέζουν, ἀλλ' ἐτὶ τεθμῷ
δημαρφ γλυφάνων ἄξεος ἡσθα σαύσι.

Not yet the fair wrought work of Smili wert thou, Hera,
But on an antique base, untouched by a chisel, a plank.

sum up the whole history of the type in art, not only in the case of Hera, but in that of all the other gods, as far as regards the early period. The worship of Aphrodite under the form of a black meteoric stone was gradually developed into that of a decorously draped figure, until, as art became less religious and more sceptical, the goddess was successively represented as the half-draped Aphrodite of Melos, and, finally, as the entirely undraped Aphrodite, the audacious work of Praxiteles, in the fourth century B.C. "Most students," Miss Harrison warns us, "are more familiar with the Graeco-Roman statues from which the Renaissance drew its inspiration than with works of a pure Greek period; they know their Apollo Belvidere and their Venus de Medici better than their Parthenon marbles. These Graeco-Roman marbles, inferior as they are from the point of view of art, are still more valueless to mythology; they do but re-echo a theme already hackneyed." "After all," said Clive Newcome at the Museo at Naples, looking up at the great knotted legs of that clumsy caricatured porter whom Glykon the Athenian sculptured, in bad times of art surely,—"what rubbish these second-rate statues are! What a great hulking abortion is this brute of a Farnese Hercules! There's only one bit in the whole gallery that is worth a twopenny piece."

Clive was in advance of his age, no doubt, in spite of his admiration for the Diana of the Louvre, which we learn, with regret, is a work of the Imperial era. Indeed, as some say is also the case in Christian art, the skill of the Greek artist seems to have varied inversely as his faith. With the Greeks, the more they believed the less they would or could draw or model; scepticism and art seem to have advanced simultaneously, till, in the fourth century B.C., they at last

* A Manual of Mythology in relation to Greek Art. By Maxime Collignon, late Member of the Ecole Française, Athens. Translated and enlarged by Jane E. Harrison, Author of "Myths of the Odyssey," "Introductory Studies in Greek Art," &c. London: Grevel & Co.

gathered sufficient artistic skill to be able to represent the gods by the human form made perfect, and became sufficiently indifferent to the charge of sacrilege to dare to do so. It is curious, as marking the era when sculpture probably reached its highest point of excellence, to read how Praxiteles "ventured to remove all her drapery from Aphrodite, and show her in all the bright beauty of her nakedness. Pliny relates that he executed two statues of the goddess—one draped, the other naked. The inhabitants of Cos, influenced by feelings of religious awe, preferred the former; the people of Undos took the second, and dedicated it in the temple of Aphrodite Euploia." The imitations of this statue which have come down to us show how popular the new type became in art; but it was not in the case of Aphrodite alone, but of most of the other of the chief gods of Greece, that their type in statuary became fixed about that period, and that the maturity of the art led to its subsequent degeneracy in the form of servile imitations of what were recognized as the best models, or in the devising of infinite variations upon the themes invented by the great masters.

It has been reserved for the present generation to recognize the full value of Greek vase-paintings as illustrations of Greek mythology and legend. Apparently the scholars of former days were repelled by the grotesque Egyptian-like effect of some of these paintings, the violent contrasts of colour, the black cork-screw curls, the ludicrous expression of face, the ungainly attitudes of many of the figures which we find in them. These scenes shocked people's prejudices, jarred upon their preconceived ideals, and were quite at variance with the traditional notions of Greek art. Gradually it has been found that many of these paintings are really beautiful in themselves, and that, in addition to this, they have more to teach us on the subject of Greek mythology than all the marbles which have come down to us at all periods of Greek art; for mythology seems to have been the favourite subject for vase-paintings; and, moreover, much which it would have been almost impossible to express in statuary could easily be shown in a vase-painting. The limited space afforded by coins and gems is, from one point of view, an advantage to the mythographist, because the artist who designs a figure or a group upon either a coin or a gem must necessarily give prominence to conventional types and symbols, in order that there may be no mistake as to who or what is the subject of the composition; but such cramped stenography as this must needs contrast unfavourably with the ampler space at the disposal of the vase-painter, who is not confined to single figures, but can show us the whole civil and religious life of antiquity in processions, dances, plays, pageants, and sacrifices, and who in some cases, we imagine, gives us scenes copied from the wall-frescoes and other paintings of the most celebrated Greek artists. The vase-room of the British Museum has more to teach the student of Greek mythology, and of Greek life and manners in general, than the sculpture gallery; yet how few people seem even to know where to find it.

As for the class of students to whom M. Collignon's book would be useful, we think that an undergraduate in his second or third year might read it with profit, yet that he would be haunted by an uneasy sense of doubt as to whether he was not wasting his time, because no question would be set out of the book in his examination, and that he would read it with more thorough enjoyment after he had taken his degree. The study of mythology is, indeed, in its infancy in this country, and we doubt whether Miss Harrison is as "safe" as she thinks herself in prophesying that "not many years will elapse before it becomes not only part of the advanced discipline of the classical scholar, but also an indispensable and attractive element in classical school teaching." We are not sure that M. Collignon's book is suited for a schoolbook, on several grounds; but chiefly because we think that the short time which boys spend at school would be best employed in learning to read Greek or Latin authors, not in learning how to distinguish between Greek and Graeco-Roman statues and bas-reliefs. Yet we say this without disparagement of M. Collignon's book, which is full of interest to the mature scholar, although it is beyond the reach of the schoolboy. Miss Harrison's translation does not read like a translation, but like an English book, and we know no higher praise than this.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE are persons who hold that you must not say any good of a living writer under pain of being considered a log-roller; and that you must not say any ill of a dead writer under pain of being considered a brute. Both which propositions, to use the formula for these cases made and provided, we content ourselves with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying. The late M. Emile Hennequin (1) died, and died young; and we believe him to have been a person irreproachable in intention and action and possessed of some talent. But his "Critique Scientifique," which has impressed some of the impressionable, was a very poor thing, indeed—a matter of jargon and apparatus with no root of the matter or soul of life in it. These essays of his he did not himself collect; and even for him they are crude. They deal with Flaubert, M. Zola, Hugo, "les deux Goncourt" (it is surprising that this line of a better writer of French than now lives on the earth did not teach M. Hennequin and others not to speak of

(1) *Quelques écrivains français*. Par E. Hennequin. Paris: Plon.

"les de Goncourt"), and M. J. K. Huysmans, with a few minor pieces added. They contain abundant evidence that M. Hennequin was a painstaking and sincere, together with some that he was a promising, student of literature. But in work of his later than their date signs of change can already be discerned, and we think it quite certain that, if he had lived longer, and had not *tourné mal* (as the gentleman said to his coachman when he mistook his way), these signs would have increased. The pomp of "scientific" arrangement is here very great. There are, in some cases at any rate, italic paragraph-headings to prevent the reader from forgetting that this is science, and nothing less frivolous. M. Hennequin, with the incomparable gravity which only stupid old men have, but which only very stupid or extraordinarily clever youths escape, proceeds gravely with the aid of these and other crutches, and informs us that Flaubert took much pains about his style, that Hugo is fond of repeating the same form of words, that M. Zola is fond of labelling a character by some outward sign, that M. Huysmans has sharked up all the odd phrases he could anywhere find. It is true; it is monstrous true; but we seem not to have waited for scientific criticism to tell it to us. And some other things here are not so true. M. Hennequin, for instance, holds that Emma Bovary is a grand creature, forced to decline on lower natures. If it were so Flaubert would not have been the great man that he is. A grand nature may break its heart at having to live with a Charles Bovary; it does not expand that heart on a brutal squireen like Rodolphe, or a pitiful counter-jumper like Léon. The truth, of course, is that Flaubert here pictured the ordinary woman and her weakness, the ignoble and its punishment, and the great tragedy which he has been able to make draw all its greatness from that fact. Therefore, M. Hennequin cannot be relied on for judgment. Further, M. Hennequin admires these phrases of M. Huysmans—"l'osmose et quasi sauré," "des hommes sous turbulents," "taillées dans la pierre transparente d'un bœuf," where the whole merit consists in ransacking the vocabulary for unusual expressions. That is to say, M. Hennequin cannot be relied on for taste. Now, "science" in criticism without judgment and taste is but a tinkling cymbal.

M. Barrière's book on Balzac (2) is a very big book indeed, much bigger than M. Hennequin's, and it is not at all pretentious in scheme or style. Its chief fault, if not its only one, is that the writer seems to have forgotten that a critic is not one of those epitomizers who at divers times have infested literature. He works in the most conscientious manner right through the *Comédie humaine*, with a few comments and a great deal of abstract. We have amused ourselves (we are still easily amused, thank Heaven!) by calculating, roughly, that there are about two hundred thousand words in M. Barrière's book. Should it take quite so many to bring men to such an undoubtedly great writer as Balzac is?

M. Duclos's book on the wife and the mistress of Louis XIV. (3) first appeared twenty years ago, and he is still lost in surprise at the fact that Mr. Bonamy Price at Oxford knew of it some months later. Why not? We have little doubt that Mr. Bonamy Price, who was a good man and read good papers, read about it in the *Saturday Review*, where all good French books are noticed. Perhaps we may even notice it again.

We are not quite certain whether we have previously noticed the Memoirs of (not by) Mme. de Montagu; but in any case they are worth a second chronicling, a new edition of them having appeared (4), to be sold for charity. They contain nothing very striking, but give an excellent and interesting picture of a modest and exemplary household of the emigration. The Montagus were but a short time in England, which they found too expensive. One little fact we may note for the instruction, if it were possible, of others. Mme. de Montagu was one of five sisters, daughters of the Maréchal de Noailles, the four younger of whom were ordinarily called Mlle. d'Ayen, Mlle. d'Épernon, Mlle. de Maintenon, and Mlle. de Montclar. If any one will reflect what pitfalls this nomenclature offers to the unwary, and remember that it is only an extreme—perhaps hardly an extreme—instance of a common system, he will shudder at the madness of the good ladies who now and then pick up a French book on a bookstall and, without further knowledge of its period or further assistance than a dictionary and a few books of reference, undertake to translate and annotate it.

To careful observers of French literature, not much of what M. Dumas fils has put in his new volume of *Entre-actes* (5) will be new, but all will be welcome. Here is the delightful letter to a young Zolaite who had, in the most delicate way in the world, warned M. Dumas that he is a fossil; here the discussion on the "Recherche de la Paternité"; here the still better known "Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent"; here an earlier and, we think, less known but excellent discourse on collaboration, with one of the usual charges of plagiarism against the author of *Les trois mousquetaires* for text. It is all admirably written, and

if we cannot quite pay M. Dumas the Horatian compliment, we can at any rate call him *Patris maximi filius magnus*.

The seventh volume of M. Jouast's beautiful single-play edition of Molière, with introductions by M. Vitu and illustrations by M. Leloir, has appeared, containing *Les fâcheux* (6). It is difficult to find new words of praise for work of which the old is beyond praising and the new is uniformly good. If not the most important, the play is one of the most constantly amusing of its great author's; and M. Vitu has, as usual, done it justice. For the frontispiece M. Leloir has selected the passage where Lysandre, the dancing bore, capers under the trees for the edification of the polite but maddened Eraste. The bore is excellent; the pose of the victim is more questionable in conception (for it seems to us, at any rate, to express less smothered impatience than simple amusement), but capital in execution.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is gratifying to note the greatly extended study of botany, especially in its practical application to the needs of agriculturists, as illustrated by the issues of cheap and authoritative handbooks. The standard *Floras* and botanical treatises are virtually beyond the acquisition of a large number of persons interested in the cultivation of the land and in the study of botany. Of books of the pretty, descriptive kind, designed for the guidance of the amateur collector, we have perhaps more than is sufficient. In this class Mr. A. N. M'Alpine's *How to Know Grasses by the Leaves* (Edinburgh: Douglas) must not be placed. This simple, compact, and lucid little book, with its admirable exposition and excellent illustrative diagrams, is a compendium of knowledge that will be found extremely useful to farmers and teachers of botany in rural districts. The system of grouping is thoroughly practical, and the various characteristics of the members of each group are effectively set forth in few words and clear. A good index of popular and Latin names, synonyms and varieties is appended, and Professor Robert Wallace contributes a preface commendatory, of which Mr. M'Alpine's work is entirely deserving.

Mr. Robert Turnbull's *Index of British Plants* (Bell & Sons), of which we have the eighth edition, is a book it were superfluous to commend. Based on the London Catalogue, with its alphabetical arrangement, its triple columns of references to the numbers or figures in the L. C., the *English Botany* of Sowerby, and Bentham's *Flora*, its useful list of English names, the value of Mr. Turnbull's complete and convenient book has long been appreciated.

Mr. G. Egerton-Warburton's *Names and Synonyms of British Plants* (Bell & Sons) is at once an index and a key to the true status of synonyms, whether species, sub-species, or varieties—a combination which everybody interested in botany will find extremely useful for study and reference. The index is headed by a list of authorities, which gives not merely the names and dates of the principal English and foreign botanists cited, but the titles, with dates of publication, of their chief works. Mr. Egerton-Warburton's index-scheme comprises the collation of the plant names adopted in five standard works—to wit, the London Catalogue, the *English Botany*, Babington's *Manual*, and the *Floras* of Bentham and Hooker, with the name of the original authority in each instance. When these authorities differ, the name of the plant is decided by a majority of the five, and the better-known synonyms are printed subordinately to it. An appendix of less authoritative synonyms is also given, with their equivalents, in the main list. By this excellent plan the relative claims of synonyms are readily valued, and the confusion caused by their inordinate multiplication is immensely reduced. Almost every page of this capital little handbook affords illustration of this. We will take what may be called a homely example, the common British fern, *Lastrea filix-mas*, a plant almost universally known by this name, yet one that has not escaped the common fate of synonymy. The three first works collated by Mr. Egerton-Warburton give the name and cite Presl as authority; while Bentham gives *Aspidium filix-mas*, after Swartz, and Hooker *Nephrodium filix-mas*, after Richard. In the appendix we have Newman's *Dryopteris abbreviata*, *D. affinis*, and *D. Borreri* bracketed as varieties of *L. filix-mas*, and Schott's *Dryopteris filix-mas* as one more synonym of this familiar fern.

That fine old shibboleth of Benthamism, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," appears yet to survive in a sentimental age, to judge by Mr. Michael Macmillan's utilitarian essay, *The Promotion of General Happiness* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). As is inevitable in dealing with a vast, vague, and colourless subject, Mr. Macmillan discusses a large number of matters that interest society, and indicates what things he considers to be "felicitic," and what "infelicitic," to general happiness. But he affords us little enlightenment as to the constituents of general happiness, and whether there be any conceivable fixed standard to which the human race may attain.

Under the title *A Consideration of Gentle Ways* (Elliot Stock) Mr. Edward Butler writes in essay form a number of papers, brief, light, and at times bright, on "A Lawyer's Library," "Red Tape," "Seeing Life," "Preconceptions," and in this last relates a story of "a Frenchman," which is nothing less than

(2) *L'œuvre de H. de Balzac*. Par Marcel Barrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Mlle. de la Vallière et Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche*. Par H. Duclos. 2 volumes. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Anne-Pauline Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu*. Paris: Pion.

(5) *Nouveaux entre-actes*. Par Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Les fâcheux*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

[April 12, 1890.]

that fine-drawn piece of ingenuity, "the Purloined Letter" of Poe crumpled into a paragraph.

The volumes of verse before us prove that, however the law of supply and demand holds good with regard to the making of books, poetry is exempt from its base mechanic influence. It is impossible to believe there can exist any passionate desire for the most of them, and in some instances the modest bards do hint nothing less than the old plea "request of friends" or the like. Mr. Coventry Patmore's charming volume of "catalectic" verse, *The Unknown Eros* (Bell & Sons), of which we have the third edition, is, of course, an exception. This is, indeed, poetry; and poetry, to our mind, of a far higher order than a better-known volume of the poet. In Mrs. Hamilton King's *Ballads of the North* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), the inspiration and insight of a poet are also to be felt, especially in the opening "Ballad of the Midnight Sun," the fantastic grace of which is truly notable. *Westminster Chimes*, by Maxwell Gray (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a collection of fluent verse, mostly in lyrical form, with little that is of marked character, save an occasional and true touch of pathos.

Mr. Francis Sinclair's *Ballads and Poems of the Pacific* (Sampson Low & Co.) we have noticed before now, when Mr. Sinclair was Mr. "Philip Garth," and his poems, the movement and freshness of which we then praised, were not clad in brown and gold as now. The late William Leighton's *Poems* (Elliot Stock), of which we have a "complete edition," illustrated by Mr. John Leighton, enjoy a considerable vogue, we believe, in certain households. The poet has been likened to the lamented Kirke White. He is the author of "Baby died To-day," "Shakspeare," "Sabbath Calm," and other tear-compelling lyrics. *Cause*, by Michael Doyle (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a formidable poem in blank verse, which combines much bald paraphrase of Biblical narratives with an equal amount of tedious flat platitude intended for philosophy. If Mr. Doyle does not follow sepulchral Graham in boldly pilfering from the Pentateuch—for there is little audacity in his paraphrase—he has certainly drawn on Milton in a half-hearted manner. *The Empire of Man*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Fife Cookson (Kegan Paul), is "an Essay in Verse" that embodies some excellent lessons, though it scarcely soars into the heaven of poetry.

In America, where poets are exceedingly numerous and the prized objects of literary census-takers, the flow of song is strong and persistent. Mr. William T. Washburn's *Spring and Summer; or, Blushing Hours* (Putnam's Sons), is a stout little volume of several hundreds of lyrics that sound soothing sweet to the ear and are full of the kind of prettiness exemplified by the following stanza:—

Wake, Beauty, wake! the morning peeps
O'er grasses jewel hung;
Save bats and owls, no creature sleeps,
The world is turned to song.

Wedded to queer old woodcuts, some of which beguiled our childhood's fancy, we have a collection of fables, not without point, and spritey in style, in *Aesop Redivivus*, by Mary Boyle (Field & Tuer).

The grimdest kind of realism is provided by Mr. James Greenwood in his Thames-side romance, *Fair Phyllis of Lavender Wharf* (Bristol : Arrowsmith).

Lost in a Bucket Shop, by C. J. Scotter (Field & Tuer), is more notable for its clever sketches of character than for skill in story-telling. Another shilling novelette that is decidedly clever is *The Old Corner Shop*, by Alfred T. Story (Co-operative Publishing Co.). It is a pity that so much genuine power and unforced humour should be clothed in a cover of hideously repulsive pictorial design.

We have also received Miss E. J. Clayden's *By the World Forgot* (Warne & Co.); *The Haunted Fountains*, by Mrs. Macquoid (Spencer Blackett); *A City Girl*, by John Law, second edition (Authors' Co-operative Co.); *A Society Scandal*, by "Rita," new edition (Trischler); *An Early Frost*, by Charles T. James (Ward & Downey); *Our College Theatricals*, a useful little book, by Lily Croft, for boys or girls who aspire to the school stage or "T. R. Back Drawing Room" (Biggs & Debenham); and *Kindergarten Games without Music*, by Wilhelmina L. Rooper (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a series of really amusing and recreative exercises in verse for infant classes.

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